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Planning London

By the Rt. Hon. HERBERT S. MORRISON

Broadcast on June 4

LONDON is to be planned. For the first time in its history it is possible to guide the future development of London by a central co-ordinating force, and the body to whom this has been entrusted is the London County Council. London never has been planned: it has just grown. We cannot now rebuild London on virgin soil. We have not even the opportunity that followed the Great Fire in 1666. But we can lay down a plan of future London, and we can control development, as and when it takes place. In its plan for London, the Council will lay down lines of progress designed to create, in the course of time, a new London, in which the good things we now have will be preserved, and the bad replaced by good. In this we hope to receive the co-operation of all landowners, and that they will be fired with the enthusiasm for order and fine conceptions which has distinguished the most enlightened of their predecessors. After all, town planning is merely good estate management on a large scale.

Until the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932 was passed, no control could, broadly speaking, be exercised over land which was built-up, and all that the Council could do was to select areas in London, here and there and disconnected from each other, which were not fully built-up and could be made the subject of town planning control. From time to time the Council did this, and has had in course of preparation fourteen different town planning schemes, covering about one-third of the County.

Today the Council took its first decision towards plan-

ning London as a whole, and decided to absorb these areas with the rest of London and to cover the whole of the County by six big town planning schemes. The method of planning will be for the Council to lay down in these areas zones set apart for various purposes—such as residential, business, or industrial—and to provide how much of each plot of land should be covered by buildings, what the height of the buildings shall be, and what open spaces shall be provided, besides taking care of the great traffic problem. An immediate result of the application of town planning is that those who want to develop property must submit their schemes to the London County Council for approval, and the Council may refuse unsuitable applications or attach conditions to ensure that the objects of good planning are safeguarded.

The Council has hitherto had two Committees—the Town Planning Committee administering its powers under the Town Planning Act, and the Building Acts Committee controlling building development according to the powers which the London Building Act, 1930, gives the Council. In future, a single development policy will inspire all these powers. Today, the Council therefore decided to unite the two Committees in one Committee to be called the Town Planning and Building Regulation Committee.

The Council hope so to exercise their new powers, blended with their old powers, as to achieve, stage by stage, by the careful guidance and moulding of development in London, a new and orderly capital city which will be a source of pride and admiration for all time.

Custom and Conduct

Character and Circumstance

By W. G. DE BURGH

Following the six broadcasts in this series by Dr. Mess, on the social forces that influence our conduct, the late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Reading here gives the first of four talks on the moral nature of man

I WANT to begin by making two assumptions. Everyone, I think, will be prepared to grant them. The first is this: that those who are listening to me are moral beings—that is, they can understand the difference between right and wrong. You all recognise from time to time a certain course of action to be your duty, that there is something you ought to do here and now; and when, as often happens, you don't do it but act as inclination moves you, you experience a feeling of compunction, realising that you have done something that you ought not to have done and left undone the thing you ought to have done. This sense of duty may not be strong enough to prevail against contrary desires, but it is never wholly absent and can be strengthened indefinitely by practice. A very eminent philosopher, who is also one of the most charitable of mankind, Professor Alexander, has given his opinion that perhaps three-quarters of us are good for perhaps three-quarters of the time. Without going so far as this, and admitting that many seem to have blind spots in their moral vision, no human being is wholly destitute of moral consciousness. Men acknowledge the authority of duty even if they fail to obey it. In Bishop Butler's words: 'Conscience, if it had power as it has right, would absolutely govern mankind'.

That is my first assumption. The second is that this possession of a moral nature is a good thing: good, not merely because we like doing what is moral—we very often don't; at least, we would like to do something else much better—but good in itself and for its own sake. So much so, that if we found that there was no real difference between right and wrong, and that what we call duty was simply a matter of taste, we should feel disappointed not merely in our personal hopes and wants, but in our whole outlook upon the world and life. If morality were shown to be a deception, we should, I think, feel that our confidence in the order of the universe was shattered, that the world we live in had no sense or reason, and that we had been robbed of something without which life would not be worth living. It would be much the same as if all our scientific knowledge were shown to be without foundation in fact, and merely the expression of personal prejudice or desire, like a taste for whisky. One man may prefer Scotch whisky to Irish, another may prefer Irish to Scotch, a third may hate both; it is a matter of personal taste, which gives no scope for conflicting argument. In our moral judgments, it is otherwise; when a man says that this act is right, that act wrong, he always means that it is *really* right or wrong, and not just that he prefers it personally. So with our judgments of moral goodness and badness. They carry with them a reference to a standard of what is really right or good.

To What Extent is Man a Free Agent?

Now, if these assumptions be admitted, two consequences follow. We see, first, that, in some sense and to some degree, men are free agents—free, not to act anyhow by accident, without motive or principle; for this would mean that the best of men might at any moment do the worst of actions, and that it was mere chance what he would do next, which would be the very opposite of freedom; but free to will rightly or wrongly, free to determine his course of conduct by his own character, from within. Unless we are free to control our actions, morality is an

illusion. To say that a man 'ought' to do this or that implies that he 'can' do it; to say of anything the behaviour of which is determined by mechanical forces—of a stream, for instance—that it ought or ought not to flow downhill, is to use the word 'ought' without a meaning. The greatest moral thinker of modern times, Immanuel Kant, said that a man could not act morally without the consciousness of being free in the moment of willing the action. He held that it was in acting morally that man comes to the knowledge of his freedom. He realises that the act is his own, and that he is responsible for it. Kant also said that freedom could not be proved by speculative argument; that the belief was an act of moral faith, generated and strengthened by the habitual discharge of moral duty. Here, too, I think he said truly. People who ask for proof seldom realise how little of our assured knowledge admits of proof. In mathematics strict proof is possible; but in all other fields of experience, the foundations of our knowledge lie in acts of faith. If anyone chooses to disbelieve in an external world, in the existence of other selves or in the past of history, and says that these are all only dreams in his own mind, you can bring strong arguments against his scepticism and expose the unreasonableness of its consequences, but you can never prove him to be wrong. Our beliefs in these things rest on faith. But this does not mean that our faith is contrary to reason. It means that reason itself points beyond what reason can prove to what reason requires us to accept on trust. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Such is the faith in freedom, which, as I have said, is essential to the reality of moral experience.

Rational Control is the Hall-mark of Morality

It follows, secondly, that in acting morally, we act, not from mere impulse, but under regulative guidance, *i.e.* from reason. You cannot explain moral action as the outcome of non-rational impulses. These may come before moral experience, but they cannot account for it; when morality arises in the course of man's development, it arises as something really new. I am not decrying interest in the study of the antecedents of morality, about which you have been hearing in previous talks from Dr. Mess. The impulses referred to furnish the materials for the exercise of that rational control which is the hallmark of morality. Reason, as Kant insisted, comes into play whenever the mind is aware of general principles; whether the principles be principles of order in nature within the field of knowledge, or principles of conduct within the field of practice. To act morally is to act on principle, *i.e.* to act rationally. This does not mean to repeat the same sort of action again and again in obedience to an external rule, irrespective of the constant changes in the situation which call on us for ever-fresh adjustment. It is only in the careless heat of political controversy that a statesman is charged with inconsistency because his words and acts today diverge in some particular from his words and acts in a totally different situation ten or twenty years ago. The consistency that merits praise is rather consistency of a purpose, which shapes itself into definite form in a long course of ever-varying behaviour. As with external changes in the situation that calls for action, so is it with our own changing moods and impulses. They are

(Continued on page 1018)



The back-alley—the only playground of many city children

'What the working-man desires most . . . is freedom to live what Aristotle called the "good life", that he may hand on to posterity a brighter and a better heritage than he himself has known'

Freedom

What Liberty Has the Worker?

By JOHN MOORE

Mr. Moore is a mat-weaver of Bradford, and has for ten years been a member of the Workers' Educational Association

WHEN I told my workmates that I had been asked to put their point of view in the series of talks on Freedom, one of them promptly replied, 'How the deuce are you going to do that? What freedom have we, except freedom to starve, as Sir Ernest Benn put it?' However ominous this retort may have sounded, I was not altogether nonplussed by it. I simply put forward the following points. The British working-man enjoys a greater proportion of political freedom than is permitted in many other countries. His appreciation of this liberty is shown by the fact that the political force which represents Labour has governed Great Britain on two occasions, in addition to which many of our most important cities are at present under the able control of working-class representatives. The worker has also every reason to cherish his freedom to organise, since it is through the medium of his trade union that he may preserve intact the right not only to negotiate wage agreements by collective bargaining but also to retain that democracy of which he is so proud. It is good to feel that trade unions can go on building up reserve funds without the fear that they may at any

moment be seized, as was recently the case in Germany and Austria.

The co-operative movement stands as a memorial of the ability of the worker to run big business for his own benefit on successful lines. Through this organisation he is free to develop to a very full extent the idea of collectivism in distribution as well as in production of wealth, while at the same time being able to distribute other benefits which make membership even more worth while.

It is also interesting to recall to what extent increased social services have tended to widen the freedom of the wage-earner. Whereas he used to be limited to the confines of his home surroundings, he can now, by the aid of reasonably cheap transport, enjoy the beauty and healthy atmosphere of the open country. Because of the modernising of libraries and other educational institutions, he can, if he so desires, keep up-to-date with all the problems of the present day.

While the worker is at liberty to interest himself in any movement which appeals to him, he is also free to show no particular interest in anything at all. I mention this fact because a German friend of mine recently complained to me

in very bitter language that he had been compelled to devote several evenings a week to some sort of youth organisation with which he had nothing in common.

No freedom has been used to greater advantage than the liberty to show protest by demonstration. I am sure you will agree that this is true when I recall to your minds the march of the unemployed in February last year. This demonstration, instead of meeting with the opposition of the community, was hailed with warm-hearted sympathy on the part of everybody, including the police.

Whenever we are tempted to scorn democracy, let us just remember one or two of these points and resolve once more never to submit to the iron heel of dictatorship.

The working man often shows resentment, not because of his lack of liberty but on account of his inability to avail himself of those forms of freedom which he already possesses. This is often due to lack of proper education. For example, when a labourer is brought before the Bench in a court of law, he knows quite well that he has a right to state a case in his own defence, but he is often first scared stiff by the booming voice of the officer who announces him and then dazed by the evidence put forward by a smart prosecuting counsel. When his turn comes, he usually has nothing to say. The Bench, therefore, cannot view the case in its proper perspective, and the poor fellow leaves the Court feeling that he has been treated harshly, and believing that freedom is a myth. The worker finds himself in a similar position when he wishes to invoke the aid of the law. Take the case of the man whose little girl has been knocked down by a motor-car. He is first of all informed that before advice can be given, a police report of the accident must be obtained, which might prove rather costly. It is then pointed out that there is grave risk of his losing the case, and he often decides, much against his will, that the cheapest way out is to suffer the injustice and leave the law alone.

The young working man of today who takes an intelligent interest in things in general and who has that ever-present desire to improve his position feels, perhaps more keenly than anyone else, the inevitable lack of opportunity which faces him on every hand. We used to hear a good deal about the self-made man, but may I point out without being regarded as a pessimist, that his day is just about played out? Many of my pals, smart intelligent lads, are foundering upon the only rock that bars their way to progress. They didn't matriculate. Why not? Because they were forced, through necessity, into blind-alley occupations at the age of fourteen, in the local textile factories where juvenile labour is always in great demand. At sixteen they were pitchforked into the dyeing and similar

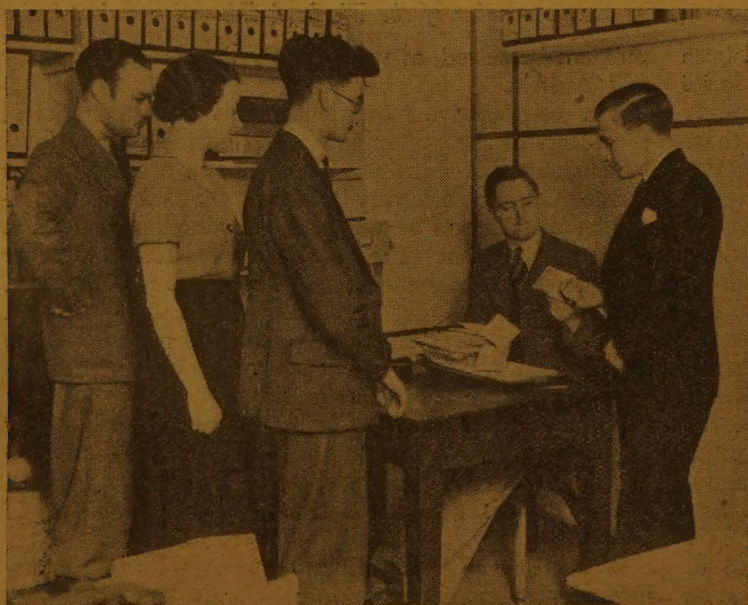
trades where they have worked two or three days a week ever since. They still go on improving their knowledge and taking every educational advantage which is offered them, always hoping that the opportunity will some day arise when they may turn to good account that knowledge which no man can take from them.

What would my unemployed friends have to say about freedom if they were asked? I think I can best express their viewpoint by quoting from a conversation which I had with a young fellow the other day who has been unemployed for some time. He said, 'John, I feel as if I had contracted some dread disease. Many of my former friends seem to avoid me. People on the street shudder when they realise that I am looking for a job, and office clerks wave me away before I can get within speaking distance. I feel free only to hang on wondering what will happen next'. This lad was dismissed from his employment at twenty-one with excellent references for no other reason than that he wanted a man's wage.

I have now arrived at the most important point of my discourse, which I introduce at this juncture, firstly, in order that it may the more firmly establish itself in the minds of readers, and secondly, because I am told that critics tend to pull the middle out of everything, and that is just what I want.

It is all very well for those amply possessed of this world's goods to say, 'Oh, money isn't everything'. This, of course, is an obvious fact. But I feel sure that every factory worker and every agricultural labourer will agree with me when I say that the master-key to his little world of freedom is that small packet which he sometimes receives on a Friday afternoon. I am bound, therefore, in the light of my experience to stress first of all the need for more economic freedom, especially among those millions of so-called unskilled workers. I have neither the intention nor the authority to submit schemes which would bring about an ideal state of affairs, but I am certainly in a position to point out by one or two graphic examples how insurmountable are the barriers to freedom from the worker's point of view.

In the Industrial North there is a custom which dictates that parents 'by hook or by crook' shall provide for each of their children a complete outfit of new clothing to be worn for the first time on Whit Sunday. Try to imagine the feelings of that unemployed man, who having been unable to procure new clothing for his children, must stand and watch their wistful little faces as they look with unspeakable longing at the bright suits and pretty dresses of their more fortunate companions. During the past few weeks while conversing with women well known to me, on the subject of freedom, I have on innumerable occasions heard the following remark: 'Oh, if I could only get the kiddies something new for Whitsuntide without falling behind with my rent, rates, and insurance premiums, I would feel free from an almost intolerable burden'. On further investigation I found that the husbands of many of these women were fully employed, but that after deduction had been made from their wages for unemployment and National Health insurance, plus travelling expenses, the families were little better off than they had been when the breadwinner was unemployed. One alternative remains: if Whitsuntide, 1935, is to mean anything at all to these children, their parents will procure what is known as a Clothing Club Check for which they will be required to pay 21s. in the pound at the rate of 1s. per pound per week. These checks are negotiable only at a limited number of shops and their purchasing power is anything up to five or six shillings in the pound less than that of the ordinary £1 banknote. Such are the economic limitations of the folk I know best and admire most, and I am surely justified in demanding, on their behalf, freedom to obtain a decent supply of those things which after



'The master-key to the worker's little world of freedom—the small packet which he sometimes receives on Friday afternoon'

all are absolutely necessary to the well-being of any respectable citizen.

My next point refers to the limitations of leisure. I am glad to admit that the working-man has greater facilities for amusement and holidays than were enjoyed by his grandfather, but if we look carefully at the present situation we will find that many easily-removable obstacles still exist concerning the freedom of the worker to enjoy himself. Those who are fortunate enough to be employed by the State will be able to go away for a holiday shortly, happy in the knowledge that on their return they will have their holiday pay to fall back on. The fully-employed textile worker, on the other hand, if he has been fortunate enough to save a little each week during the preceding twelve months, entailing considerable sacrifice, will go away with the constant fear that his purse may be empty long before the week-end. Evidence of this is shown by the fact that he often pays his bill immediately upon his arrival at the seaside. On his return, looking sunburnt and healthy, he tries to recall some of the tunes which he heard on the pier, but he can only whistle that two-years-old 'hit', 'Stormy Weather', because of the sudden realisation of the fact that he has to face the ensuing week without a 'bean'.

We must, I think, admit a lack of freedom in industry. Modern methods of production with which we are quite familiar have undoubtedly restricted the freedom of the ordinary industrial worker. He is in many instances regarded simply as a rather supersensitive cog in a machine, instead of being looked upon as a human being with an individuality capable of formulating ideas and being responsive to sympathetic treatment. Instead of being free to look upon invention as a benefit to human society the worker has been taught by experience to regard it as a menace to his very livelihood. When a new machine is installed in a factory the workmen are not inclined to praise the genius of the inventor. The all-important question to them is 'How many of us will be getting our cards at the week-end?' The industrial freedom of the workers is being further decreased by the introduction of systems by which every second required to do a job is carefully calculated by merciless statisticians, leaving the workmen barely sufficient time to attend to personal needs.

Having considered, in brief, those forms of freedom which

we as Britons cherish because of the price they cost, and having pointed out some of the limitations which the workers at present experience, let me in the final stages of this talk suggest one very helpful method by which we may overcome the economic and industrial difficulties with which we are confronted. If it is true, and it certainly appears to be, that while on the one hand wealth is being produced in superabundance, thousands of people at the other end of the social scale are living in constant fear of insecurity and want, then surely it is logical to assume that some arbitrary body could effect a

more favourable balance. The State, in my view, is that arbitrary organisation, and I feel confident that the workers have every reason to hope for increased freedom if only the State will continue that policy of interference in industry on which it really embarked in 1909, when the Trade Boards Act was passed. While I admit that man has a moral right to private ownership, I also contend that the State is equally morally bound to protect the interests of that vast majority of its subjects who have only their labour-power to offer in exchange for the common necessities of life.

In conclusion I would emphasise the fact that when the working-man speaks of freedom, his terms of reference are of the simplest and most practical kind.

What he desires most is freedom to play his part as a useful and respected member of the community; freedom to raise his family according to the best traditions of our country; liberty to educate his children without the fear of their being unwanted when they appear in the labour market; freedom in the last analysis to live what Aristotle called the 'good life', that he may hand on to posterity a brighter and a better heritage than he himself has known.

Many books have been written about India, but few, if any, have reached the high standard of pictorial quality of Dr. Alfred Nawrath's *The Glories of Hindustan* (Methuen, 25s.). Its 240 full-page photographs, which were taken by the author in 1934, provide a panorama of Indian life, scenery and architecture, and the short descriptions of the pictures enable the reader to understand as well as to admire. Dr. Nawrath has covered a remarkably wide range: Benares, Calcutta, Agra, Delhi, the North-West Frontier and the Himalayas are only a few of the cities and districts which he has visited, and in each of them his camera has served him well.



The liberty to show protest by demonstration: a mass meeting of workless in Hyde Park

Foreign Affairs

Mr. Roosevelt's Waterloo

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

Broadcast on June 3

WE return to America once more. The New Deal in America was born in crisis two years ago; and everyone in the United States last Monday believed that it had died in a new crisis, slain by the hand of the Supreme Court. You will remember that, when we were discussing the action of the Court in Washington on the Gold Clause, we found reason to suspect that, as time went on, the Supreme Court would be found lying in wait for the President, to remind him that the Constitution of the United States defines what he may do, and what he may not do. The reminder came last Monday, when the Court unanimously decided that the power conferred on the President by Section 3 of the National Industrial Recovery Act was unconstitutional. That section empowered the President to promulgate a Code of Prices and Wages, Hours and Conditions of Labour for each and all of the industries of America; and in the course of the past two years Mr. Roosevelt has actually signed and put into operation over five hundred of them. Thus practically the whole of American industry had been operating on a new basis, and was just beginning to settle down to the new conditions of the Codes when the foundation of the whole thing was destroyed by the judgment of the Court, which declared that Congress had no right to transfer the Code-making power to the President and that any Code made by him under Section 3 was therefore invalid.

Now one of the most significant things in American history is that in times of crisis the American people have always looked to the President and not to Congress for leadership. And thus each of the great moments in American history has seen the Presidency raised to a higher power than was originally given to it by the Constitution. It was so in the times of the first President, George Washington; it was markedly so also when Abraham Lincoln guided America through the Civil War: the Great War repeated the same story in Woodrow Wilson's time; and for the past two years and three months the unprecedented crisis of the economic depression has given President Roosevelt almost unexampled power. When Congress, two years ago, passed the National Industrial Recovery Act which gave the President almost a free hand to reform the whole economic structure of American life, they did not imagine that they were violating the Constitution. On the contrary, they must have believed that, in providing the necessary legislative authority for the President to make Codes for American industry, they were acting within the four corners of the Constitution, and that without this authority the President could not act at all in such a matter.

On Friday night Mr. Roosevelt said that, before long, the issue now raised must be put to the vote of the American People. Whether he meant thereby that an amendment of the Constitution would be needed, no one can say. But he clearly did mean that the fate of the New Deal could not be left where the Supreme Court had placed it last Monday.

June 16 is the critical date because the N.R.A. must, in any case, be renewed then, for the original Act, being admittedly an experiment, expires on that date, and *something* must take its place. Even before the Supreme Court decision, Mr. Roosevelt wasn't very sure what he could persuade Congress to put in its place, whether to re-enact it in amended form or not. But, if that decision had not destroyed the legal foundation of his Codes, he could have at least asked for an extension of the Act for a period during which permanent legislation could be thrashed out. Now, he cannot do that.

Where, then, does this Supreme Court judgment leave America? Does it mean that all America will awake on June 17 to find that every industry is rent with strikes, in which Labour will seek to keep the higher wages and shorter hours which the Codes have established? Will the whole New Deal founder in a storm of industrial strife? That, beyond doubt, was the prospect which seemed to open before the eyes of the American

citizen when he heard what the Supreme Court had done. But second thoughts showed that the outlook was not so black as all that. And in the course of the past week Americans have had their second thoughts on two separate things: first, the immediate effect of the Supreme Court's judgment; and second, its permanent effect on federal action in the field of American social, industrial and economic reform.

Take the first of these. The United Mine-Workers of America (which is for America what the Miners' Federation is over here) has given warning that they will go on strike on June 16 to maintain the wages and hours of labour now prevailing under the Soft Coal Code. This covers 450,000 miners, in over five thousand coal pits, in twenty-seven different States of the Union. Something similar is likely to happen in the textile trade besides, and already in many small businesses the employers have seized the opportunity of the Court's decision to increase hours and reduce wages below the Code level. But the general opinion of the leaders of American industry seems to be that the conditions created by the Codes ought to be maintained, even though the American Government has for the moment been deprived of the legal power to enforce them.

So there are, broadly speaking, two groups of industries in America: those which are preparing to fight, and those which realise that this is not the moment to throw the whole machine of American production out of gear. Between them stands the President; and once more, every eye is turned on Mr. Roosevelt to see what he will do. You were very pertinently reminded last Wednesday by Dr. Robson, speaking from this microphone, that it was absurd to call Mr. Roosevelt a dictator; and it is just as absurd to describe his Codes as the ruthless fiats of an autocrat imposed on the industries of America. It is true that Congress gave him the power to regulate prices, wages, hours and conditions of labour; but, in the great majority of industries the Codes themselves were made by agreement between Capital and Labour, and only after that agreement were they promulgated by the President. It is therefore reasonable to assume that many of the Codes will continue to operate after June 16, though they have lost their actual legal validity; and Mr. Roosevelt's chief concern from now till Sunday week will be to persuade as many as possible of the troublesome industries not to fight it out by strikes and lockouts, but to agree to an armistice at least for the rest of the summer.

Beyond that I am not going to try to predict what he will do. Mr. Roosevelt is a resourceful political leader; and, although he does not today enjoy the unchallenged popularity which was his two years ago, he is still, far and away, the most powerful man in American public life. He is not going to take this rebuff lying down! So you may expect to see a new, and perhaps exciting, phase of American history opening before you.

I said a moment ago that, in addition to second thoughts about the immediate effect of the Supreme Court's judgment, Americans are now thinking of its permanent effect on Federal action in the whole field of social and economic reform. And I am quite certain that even in the midst of these anxious hours, when Mr. Roosevelt is chiefly thinking how to steer the ship out of the threatened shipwreck of the Court's decision, he has even more clearly before him the problem of the future. He knows that the big question which the Supreme Court has put to the American Public is this: Do you or do you not want a national standard of social conditions? And if you do, do you realise that you can't have a national standard unless you give the Federal Government the actual legislative power to deal with many vital things which have hitherto been solely, or mainly, within the jurisdiction of the individual State. Thus is raised one of the oldest controversies in America; States rights *versus* the Federal power. And it seems likely that this issue, brought to a head by the urgent need for a national programme of social reform, will henceforth dominate American politics and decide Mr. Roosevelt's fate.

Current Economic Affairs

Engineers and Economics

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

I WENT the other day to a meeting of engineers who had been studying economics. They felt that the benefits which technical progress in engineering and other applications of science were able to confer on humanity were for some reason or other not being realised. Engineers were ready to give the world plenty, but the world was so arranged that poverty persisted in the midst of plenty. They had set up a group of engineers to study this paradox, and they began by making an analysis of twenty-four different schemes of economic and social reform, from those of Mr. Keynes to Communism, from the New Deal in America to Conservative Planning or the Consumers' Money League. It was this analysis that the engineers were discussing.

Misconceptions of Technical Progress

It is easy, I think, to exaggerate the pace and the scope of the technical improvements in recent times and the consequent possibilities of plenty for all. There has, of course, been progress in man's power over nature at almost all times; but it is far from clear that progress of this kind since the War has been much faster than for one or two generations before the War. And the scope of the more dramatic recent changes is limited. Methods of mass production apply to some industries only, not to all. When people tell you that with a machine one man can now do what it took ten men before to do, they generally forget how many men and how much material it took to make that machine and the factory where it works. Finally, people who talk of technical progress as revolutionising the world often do not seem to realise that it is not the least use to make enormous quantities of anything just because you can make it so very well and so very fast: whether it is worth while to make it depends on whether it is wanted—and is wanted more than something else that could be made instead.

That brings me to the next point. Though there is not the possibility of immediate plenty for all people on this planet, there is a possibility of raising the standard of living step by step. But raising the standard of living involves two things and not one. You cannot raise the standard of life simply by having more machines; you must, in addition, have the right division of labour both in making the machines and in using them to meet the wishes of consumers. You have to direct your production, so that what you make is more wanted than anything else that could be made instead with the same resources and labour. Now the making of machines is an engineering problem; the right division of labour, which is just as essential to material progress as the machines themselves, is an economic problem. And the right division of labour includes the division between setting people to make things for immediate consumption and setting them to make the means for further production. That, if you look at it from another side, is the division between saving and spending.

This problem of the right division of labour cannot be solved by any abundance of knowledge about machines, and looking at the problem solely from the point of view of the engineer often leads to the wrong results, for what is technically the most efficient process is not always economically the most advantageous. A new machine which is technically more efficient than an old one is not always worth installing at the cost of scrapping the old one; a form of organisation which may be the most efficient if you have a large market may be less efficient if you have only a small one. The decision whether at a particular moment in a particular town more boots or a new cinema are most needed cannot be determined by considerations of engineering.

Two Types of Economic Governor—

The right division of labour is an economic problem. In a sense, it is the whole economic problem. How is that right division to be brought about? Broadly, there are two principles on which it can be attempted. If I may use an engineering metaphor, while still keeping it clear that it is only a metaphor, and that I am really talking economics and not engineering, I would say that there are broadly two possible types of governor

for the economic system. There is the pricing process, with competition in a free market, under private ownership of the means of production. The consumer with a pound to spend decides how he will get most happiness for his money; he chooses boots or books, boots from one factory or process rather than another, boots now rather than something else later. That is the system under which we have been brought up, and though in some ways it doesn't work as well as we should like, it is well to remember that, after all, it is the system which for several centuries has been used by all the best peoples and that under it they have all become richer. But it has several disadvantages and one pretty obvious weakness. Being based on prices, it has to work through money and money seems always to be getting out of order.

So that one finds a demand for a different governor—an alternative system of bringing about the right division of labour by orders from the centre—under national ownership of the means of production. Well, it is easy to see that the critical questions to ask about that governor are: Who is to give the orders; how can you be sure that the people who give the orders will be both intelligent and fair to all parties and always open to new ideas; however intelligent and fair they are, will they, without the pricing process to guide them, have the materials for a wise judgment?

—and Proposals for Improving on Them

My engineer friends, with their twenty-four schemes of economic and social reform, were really analysing proposals to improve on or use one or other of these governors. They had classified the schemes in various ways. I should put them myself in four classes. One must begin, I am afraid, by a rather large class of schemes which are really based on ignorance of the problem. There are quite a number of schemes of reform, generally monetary, which it would be as reasonable to discuss in economics as it would be to invite an engineer to examine a machine for perpetual motion. There are, second, schemes by people who understand and believe in the pricing process and want to keep it, but aim at improving the weak link in it, the money element. Most people qualified to be called economists would fall in this class. There are, third, the people who give up hope of good results from the pricing process or dislike capitalism and the inequality with which it is accompanied. They propose either Socialism or Communism. Fourth, there are people who want to combine the two types of governor—the pricing process under capitalism and the power of the State in giving orders. These are represented in the engineers' list by various schools of Conservative planners and by the New Deal in America. It is about this type of scheme that it is most important to make up one's mind. But it is not at all easy.

Can one combine the two types of governor and get the advantages of each with the disadvantages of either? I have an uneasy feeling that one can't; that to keep the pricing process and capitalism, while abolishing competition or regulating markets by the power of the State, gives one the worst of both worlds, and not the best. The pricing process and central planning may be as different in economics as a steam engine and an internal combustion engine are in engineering. I am afraid I don't feel sure that the Conservative planners aren't putting water into an engine that needs petrol to make it go. I only hope that I'm wrong.

Among the latest volumes added to the Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann, 10s.), new translations are represented by Mr. W. G. Spencer's translation of the first four books of Celsus *On Medicine*, which should be of particular interest to medical men, since the work of Celsus formed part of the curriculum of medical students until well on into the nineteenth century. Mr. L. H. G. Greenwood has now completed his translation of Cicero's *Verrine Orations*, and Professor Sage carries on the translation of Livy begun by Professor Forster. In the Greek series there are two new volumes of Aristotle, including *The Athenian Constitution*, *The Eudemian Ethics*, and several of the minor scientific works. Dr. Jones adds a fourth volume of Pausanias' *Description of Greece* and Dr. R. G. Bury a second of Sextus Empiricus, the only surviving work of a Sceptic philosopher.



The Listener

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The Government of London

MORE and more widely the advice to 'say it with exhibitions' is being taken to heart, and the latest illustration of the value of a skilful appeal to the eye has been given by the London County Council. In an exhibition at the County Hall, models, diagrams, actual exhibits, have brought home to the citizens of London the wide and important range of the activities of the Council as no printed reports or descriptions could do. The story that the Council has to tell in reviewing its growth over the last twenty-five years is indeed remarkable, and had the story been extended to the beginning of the Council, nearly fifty years ago, it would have been more remarkable still. In part the Council has grown by taking over the work of smaller and more specialised bodies. Many other bodies, it is fair to remember, still carry responsibility. Thus the water supply is controlled by the Metropolitan Water Board. Every day London consumes as much water as would fill two canals, ten feet broad and three feet deep, one stretching from London to Penzance and the other from London to Carlisle. But the drains of London, the modern sewerage system as opposed to the old utilisation of the small streams running into the Thames, are part of the enormous legacy—and a part too easily taken for granted as part of the natural order—inherited by the Council from the Metropolitan Board of Works. The trams have just been transferred to the London Passenger Transport Board; but huge additional responsibilities have been added to the Council with the transfer of the chief functions of the London Poor Law Authorities. Few sides of the Council's work are of more importance than its institutions for the very poor, and the exhibition just held had few more encouraging exhibits than the large photographs showing the transformation that twenty-five years have seen. In 1910 the spirit of the

old Poor Law still persisted, that poverty must be made an ineligible condition, and institutions in London, Casual Wards in particular, were barely distinguishable from prisons. There were no day rooms, for sleeping there were little cells, and the daily tasks were of the stone-crushing and oakum-picking type. All that is changed today. Mental hospitals and the medical services of the Council are another field in which new ideas and a different technique have made great strides. The wide selection of well-made articles which are displayed in the exhibition were a demonstration not only of the positive achievements of patients, but of the value now attached to occupational work as of great therapeutic value in itself. The change in name—the cheerless term 'lunatic' is steadily disappearing from the official vocabulary—is itself a sign that there is much less readiness today to class afflicted people as hopeless. But the whole of normal education now comes under the Council's purview. The teachers, students and children under its ægis now number nearly a million, and the scope of the work of education has widened to cover such things as the provision of milk or the organisation of the journey to and from school.

The body which performs these and so many other functions for the population of nearly five million in the area of its jurisdiction has a constitution of particular interest of the world today. Five years ago, when a Royal Commission had to work out a new constitution for Ceylon, it found its model in the London County Council, and in particular in its system of committees. The work of the Council is divided up among standing committees on which members of both parties sit. It was thought by the Ceylon Commission that there could be no better system for initiating politicians into the tasks of day-to-day administration, and so far the innovation in Ceylon is justifying itself. Men who in general debate at a large assembly find themselves habitually opposed, and who use strong and general language about each other, come to see things quite differently when, as members of the same committee in charge of education or public works, they have to accept responsibility for definite schemes to place contracts to supervise the workings of departments. The London County Council can look back on a great achievement in London, and forward to the future which is certain to be of the first importance, although the actual lines of future growth may not be those of the immediate past. When a body has been brought into existence, it attracts to itself, if it is a live concern, functions other than those laid down in its first schedule. That has been the history of the L.C.C. in the past. But its actual achievements, past and future, are by no means the whole story, because in a day when the difficulties of government by party majorities on the old Westminster model are being so acutely experienced all over the world, it is to the new building on the other side of the Thames that political observers are turning their attention, in their search for a model which combines democracy with efficiency.

Week by Week

A SHORT time ago M. Paul Morand had a gentle dig at the English newspaper headline, when he noted that the only item of French news in the English papers during the Jubilee week referred to the death of a prominent French colonial governor; and this, he observed, had the headline, 'French Tennis Star Loses Father'. That is one aspect of the modern newspaper headline—the tendency to emphasise a comparatively unimportant detail in order to catch the readers' attention; another aspect, and a more important one, was discussed in the House of Lords last week,

when Lord Kilmaine criticised a newspaper headline on the Italo-Abyssinian dispute and suggested that the Government should introduce some sort of Press censorship. The Government's polite refusal to do so was not surprising, for the independence of the British Press is a heritage that cannot be lightly sacrificed; but the ethics of the headline is a subject which certainly deserves attention. In a recent book Herr Heinrich Straumann refers to 'the danger of colouring the news in the headline for political and other purposes', and it cannot be doubted that many contemporary headlines provide a partisan comment on the news as well as a brief summary of the facts. In principle, this is a bad policy, for the unthinking reader is likely to regard a headline as a plain, unvarnished statement, and the introduction of a little partisan varnish may cause him to take a distorted view of what has really happened; and at the same time the foreign reader, seeing perhaps only one paper and none of its rivals, may wrongly interpret the headline as being typical of British opinion. Both of these results are unfortunate, and it would be far better for everyone if the headline were restored to its original position as a simple indication of the news which is printed beneath it. But there is no occasion for censorship: every newspaper is entitled to give whatever headlines it likes, and it is up to the public to show, by buying or rejecting the paper, whether it wants the headlines to be twopenny plain or penny coloured.

* * *

Readers of *THE LISTENER*, who will remember the criticisms of Sir William Beveridge on Dr. T. R. Glover's lecture in praise of the Greeks, did well if they contrived to be present at the mock trial the other day at the London School of Economics, when Sir William put both Dr. Glover and Dr. Cyril Norwood in the dock, on the charge of aiding and abetting the ancient Greeks in not knowing that they are dead. The form of a mock trial is one with many advantages over a straightforward debate; it easily has high entertainment value, and provides an admirable medium for carrying on controversy in an extremely good-tempered way. The trial of the Greeks was a case in point. Men have often worked themselves up into indignant tempers over the question whether the Greeks are excessively idealised or not. It is quite natural to feel strongly, because this idealisation has in fact pre-occupied schoolmasters and their pupils during the formative years of those pupils' lives. Sir William repeated the point he has so ably argued before, that the real Greeks were nothing like the picture that classical enthusiasts and pedagogues have delighted to paint. One or two leading Athenians, in selected quotations, are made to serve as standard models for what was in fact a very mixed assemblage of rival city states. Dr. Norwood was accordingly tried as a Spartan, and in a most admirable parody of the kind of written speech which Greek authors put in the mouths of their characters, he defended Sparta as the prototype and origin of the English Public School, the Boy Scouts and the Empire. The defence, no less than the attack, widened the conception of an Ancient Greek, till it had some correspondence with historical reality, and schoolmasters might well ask themselves whether they have not in this sort of mock trial an invaluable adjunct to the more solid portions of their curriculum, and a way of discussing, without pomposity, the essential justice or otherwise of much that had lodged itself among the accepted truths of education. Ancient Greece has been particularly utilised, for a certain kind of canting talk, by people who would have been exceptionally indignant and offended by the practices and views they would have met with, had they had to live in that part of the world at that time.

* * *

Every editor or journalist nowadays is certain to come up sooner or later against the problem of what is generally called 'multiple reviewing'—that is to say, the reviewing by one critic of the same book for more than one paper or journal. This problem arises very easily, for it is not an uncommon practice for a reviewer, especially a professional reviewer who may be doing occasional work for several papers, to apply to all these papers for the same book for review purposes, hoping that he may receive it from at any rate one of them. He may quite easily receive it from all. Or, if he is an expert on some

special subject, it may happen that more than one journal will apply to him for a review of a certain book which deals with that subject. Can he properly accept more than one application? What is the morality in this matter from the point of view of the reviewer, the journal, the public and the author of the book? One thing is clear enough, and that is that a reviewer cannot duplicate a review verbatim, for this would be a violation of copyright; but he might, and often does, consider himself at liberty to write a second review in somewhat different terms, especially if the reviews, like those published in these columns, are unsigned and he can therefore shelter behind anonymity. Unless there is anything in the terms of his contract with the journals for which he is reviewing to prohibit this, there is nothing legally to prevent his pursuing such a course. But there are other and what may be called moral issues to consider. If the reviewer feels that he has a great deal to say about the book in question, and the limits of one review do not give him space enough to exercise all his views, there can obviously be no harm in duplication, provided that it is done with the knowledge and consent of the journals concerned; but it is more likely that a repetition of his review in different terms will result in the first review being better than the second. Again, from the author's side, it is a natural thing that he should prefer to have a variety of opinions on his work, and good for his work that it should receive them. The undesirability of multiple reviewing arises most strongly when a reviewer's opinion of a book is condemnatory and he repeats his condemnation, even though in different terms, in other journals. It is particularly unfair on the author that the reviewer should do this instead of leaving the book, after he has once had his say, to the judgment of others who may disagree with him. The converse of this—when the reviewer's enthusiasm is aroused—is also undesirable, for his praise too may be prejudiced or intemperate; though the author will naturally be more inclined to welcome multiple reviewing from an appreciator than from a detractor. It seems conclusive in fact from every point of view (with the exception above noted, of the reviewer who has more to say than can be contained in one review and notifies the journals concerned of his intention) that the practice is a wrong one; and our readers will be interested to know that, so far as *THE LISTENER* is concerned, we take all possible steps to avoid it.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: Every self-respecting Scot was until quite lately a minor Forsyte with a perfect faith in Property of the landed sort, an unshakeable belief in the security of house-ownership, and a ready disposition to lend his savings on mortgage or bond, as we call it; and how utterly these beliefs have been shattered during the past twenty years or so has lately been illustrated in some fantastic ways. About a year ago a lady, strolling aimlessly into an auction room, impulsively nodded at one stage of the proceedings and found herself the purchaser for a few shillings of a mansion-house in Paisley. A magnificent seaside residence at Cove in Dumbarton-shire, with extensive grounds, servants' dwellings and so forth, was exposed for sale at the price of £1 and actually fetched what would hardly pay for the building of the boat-house. In Glasgow a week or two ago a huge villa in the West End was offered at five shillings, and found a purchaser at a price unrevealed but certainly only a fraction of the thousands it would have commanded thirty years ago. It is all explicable to some extent in economic terms, but not entirely. If the fixed annual burdens on such as the Glasgow house must amount to at least £200, the fact is that those who can afford to live in such dwellings now choose not to do so. From all our industrial cities there has been a flight of the wealthier and more responsible elements, so that Glasgow, for example, is left with a predominantly working-class population. This in turn leads to the establishment of Labour control in the local authorities; and when we set Socialist tendencies against those huge masses of redundant villa property we can safely prophesy some interesting, and possibly dramatic, developments. For the time being, such houses are frequently enough taken over for offices, nursing homes, boarding houses and public institutions, but something exciting must happen before the tangle of changing economic and social values is sorted out.

Nature Notes

Life Under Water

By E. B. WORTHINGTON

Dr. Worthington, who is Demonstrator in the Department of Zoology in Cambridge University, has undertaken several fishing surveys of African lakes, and in 1932 was awarded the Gill Memorial by the Royal Geographical Society

THERE is a feeling among many people that fish are unnatural slimy creatures living in a hidden world under water; and that, like reptiles, they are not to be touched, but are only fit for the fisherman or for the table. Butterflies and birds, rabbits and deer, and all creatures above the surface of the earth have a much more human appeal. Many of them have beautiful colouring, and we can see them eating and courting. The very obscurity of life under water, however, has an appeal of a different kind, since the unknown may contain hidden mysteries. This appeal is strongest perhaps to the angler, who is continually asking himself questions: Where are the fish lying? Why in one place rather than another? And he answers by deftly placing his bait in all the likely spots. The expert knows the habits of his quarry so well that he will only fish in certain places where he knows the big ones hide. What do they like most to eat? The angler changes his bait or artificial fly until the results give him an answer.

Surprising Menu of Some Fish

In spite of this enquiring turn of mind, so characteristic of fishermen, many do not realise that the knowledge they store up is really of value, and many people who are not anglers do not realise how fascinating can be the study of under-water life, even if they do not enjoy catching fish. There is a feeling that everything must have been discovered before about such common creatures as trout, roach, dace or minnows. But the scientist is fully aware how little we know about even the most common fish, and how difficult it is to answer questions about them. To take an example: it is usually stated that the common chub, that fat sleek fish which is often a nuisance in trout streams, feeds on mud at the bottom, but once I took from the stomach of a 1 lb. chub a full-grown field mouse—skin and bones complete. Again, a friend of mine once showed me an ordinary table-knife which he had removed from the

inside of a 2 lb. trout. Why had that trout swallowed an object so extraordinary?

It is one of the surprises of natural history how little we know about the food of common fish. Thousands of anglers have caught and eaten hundreds of thousands of trout every year for several centuries, but even today we do not know exactly what trout feed on at different times of the year and in different waters, or why they show preferences. This kind of information is quite easy to find out. It requires little training, but some commonsense, and a few simple instruments like scissors, a knife, and a magnifying glass. It is open to everyone to have the thrill of discovery for himself.

Since it is impossible to cover the whole field of fish or even to discuss all those that live in fresh water, I would like to illustrate this kind of natural history study by reference to one kind of fish—the trout—and one particular piece of water. In central

Dragon-fly larvæ



Brook trout, and (inset) trout just hatched out

Wales there is a large and beautiful artificial lake known to many. It is called Lake Vyrnwy and supplies most of the water to the town of Liverpool. At the end of last century one of the steep-sided valleys occupied by the Vyrnwy River was flooded to a depth of 100 ft. or so by building a gigantic stone dam. In order to obtain enough water, so that millions of gallons could be drawn off every month, streams from several adjoining valleys were tapped and run into the dammed-up valley by tunnels through mountains. When first Lake Vyrnwy was made in 1890, verdant agricultural land in the valley was flooded and gave forth its nutriment to the water, so that all the fish in the lake had abundant food. They grew to a large size, averaging more than 1 lb., and for several years 4,000 or so were caught in the lake each summer. Then, as the original food supply

Photos: Dorian Leigh



Underwater battle: two caddis fly larvæ fight, while a diving beetle and dragon-fly await the outcome

became exhausted, the fish grew smaller until a natural balance was set up between the productivity of the water and the number of fish, and the average size dropped from over a pound to about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Now, after forty years, there seems to be a definite improvement both in the number and size of the fish. This was helped by the great drought of last summer, when the old buildings which once occupied the valley floor appeared above the water surface; vegetation sprang up on the dry mud and when drowned again last winter provided a new source of food for all creatures in the water.

Two Trout Diets in One Lake

But let us have a look into the lake and see what is going on inside it. I paid a visit to Lake Vyrnwy a short while ago, and taking a boat out fished along the shore and caught a basket of nice trout close in to the rocks. On going home I cut these open, looked inside their stomachs and found that they had been eating insects which live under water: the young of may flies and caddis worms, which build houses for themselves out of little sticks and stones and eventually turn into insects like small moths—the caddis flies. A few little shell-fish were mixed up with these insects, and there were quite a lot of flies, beetles, and even an occasional bumble-bee, all surface food which had casually dropped on to the water from the trees. In the biggest trout I found bones of a little fish which showed he had been eating minnows or possibly the babies of his own kind. The next day I fished some distance from the shore. I caught fewer fish, and these only when my artificial flies were sunk deep down. Opening them in the evening I found their food was quite different. Their stomachs were packed, not with insects and shell-fish, but with much smaller white specks of life which through a magnifying glass looked like shrimps, crabs, and lobsters in miniature. This was interesting, because books told me that trout feed on larger food, so next day I went out into the centre of the lake, leaving my rod

behind but taking a net of rather curious shape to see if I could find these minute specks of life for myself. The net had a circular top about 2 feet across and was tapered to a point at the other end. It was made of the finest silk gauze, more generally used for sifting flour. I attached a heavy weight to the bottom and the end of a long rope to the top, then I lowered the net to the bottom of the lake and hauled it slowly to the surface. On emptying the catch into a jar of water, the innumerable little creatures turned the water into soup, all of them jumping about like fleas, which gives them their common name of 'water-fleas'. Examining them closely, I could see that most were exactly the same as those which the trout had been eating. So here was an explanation. The trout food in this lake is divided, as it were, into two parts. Close to the shore among the rocks and sand the larvæ of insects, surface flies, and minnows provide food for the larger fish. Out in the open

water where there is no protection for insects there are literally tons of splendid food for the smaller trout.

But this isn't the end of the story. In studying natural history, or any other branch of science, you are perpetually asking 'Why?' and trying to give an answer. Each answer opens up new questions, and so drives the enquiry one stage further back. Take this trout question, for instance; we have found an answer to the question, 'What do trout eat in Lake Vyrnwy?' and we now want to know how all the insects round the shore obtain their livelihood, why the open water is full of water-fleas, how they behave, and what they eat themselves. We can't go into all these questions, but we might go a stage further about the water-fleas.

If you go out in a boat at night time on to a lake such as



Treasures from an ill-looking source. Examining the contents of a dredger

Vyrnwy and shine an electric torch down into the water, you will see myriads of water-fleas hopping about close to the surface, and you may see the dark shadowy form of a trout slipping away from the beam. At mid-day, however, the water looks clear at the surface and contains scarcely any water-fleas.

This means that during the daylight all the water-fleas have sunk below the surface into the perpetual twilight below, while at night they come right up to the top. You can repeat this observation day after day and night after night, which shows that all these minute creatures travel up and down in the water during every 24 hours. This may explain why in many takes it is easier to catch fish on the surface during the night time than by day, but at the same time it asks another question—why do the water-fleas waste so much energy every day in swimming up and down in the water? And to this science has not yet given a good answer. We can only conjecture, and say that water-fleas must come to the surface to feed on minute plant life, the water's pasture; at the same time they have a rooted objection to daylight. We must suppose that these two influences, desire for food and dislike of light, make them migrate to and from the surface every 24 hours.

'Food Chains'

In many parts of England, such as East Anglia, the waters are muddy and weedy. Trout, if they exist at all, are rare, but such waters teem with the so-called coarse fish like roach, carp, perch, gudgeon and pike. One can make a study of these fish which will show things just as interesting. The gudgeon, for instance, will be found at the bottom picking little insects from the mud. Roach generally swim in mid-water, and pike lie motionless among weeds, ready to pounce on any passing fish. If you catch a few of each kind, slit them open and examine their food. You can then work out the so-called 'food chains'. Water-fleas feed on minute plants; minnows feed on the water-fleas; perch on the minnows; and finally pike, the most ferocious of our fish, eat perch or anything else which comes within their pounce. And so, when the pike is stuffed, well-dressed, and roasted, we reach the top of the food chain—which is man—and we have worked out one of the natural laws of life controlled among all creatures by the hunger instinct.

This idea of 'food chains' is important in understanding life under water, and I would like to mention another example or two. It happens on land also, of course; but food chains under water are usually longer and more interesting. Let us take one in the cold arctic seas and one in the tropics. Think of a polar bear; it sometimes catches and eats seals. The seal is a fish eater—let us suppose it catches a salmon. The salmon among

its other food devours small fish, and these eat marine water-fleas which feed on minute plants floating in the sea. Here, then, is a food chain of six links, and if we add the Eskimo, who sometimes eats polar bear, we have Eskimo, polar bear, seal, salmon, sprats, water-fleas, minute plant life. Of course, the sequence is sometimes simplified by dropping out links; thus Eskimos frequently feed on seals, and so drop out the polar bear, and polar bears on fish, dropping out the seals.

As an example from tropical waters I would like to recount an experience I had when studying the life of the Albert Nyanza, an enormous lake in Central Africa. One early morning I went out fishing with a local native. We paddled in a dug-out tree trunk canoe to where a lot of small wooden buoys were floating. The native grasped one of these and hauled up a long string with a bundle of brushwood at the end of it. From the bundle, which had been lying on the bottom of the lake, weighted down by a stone, he extracted a number of little fish about the size of minnows. He put one of them on a small hook attached to a light rod and line and dangled it over the side of the canoe, and soon a silvery fish like a mackerel, about a foot long, was flapping in the canoe. It had savage needle-like teeth which gives it the common name of 'tiger-fish'. The fisherman was not content with this, but attached the tiger-fish to a huge iron hook the size of one's fist, and lowered it deep in the water on a stout cord, the end of which he tied to the canoe. After about ten minutes the cord tightened and the frail canoe started ploughing through the water. My excitement was intense, but the native fisherman let the monster below wear itself out, and then hauled it up to the surface—a mighty fish with gigantic mouth into which a man could thrust his leg. It was a Nile perch and weighed about 100 pounds. Here, then, was a food chain which the native fisherman knew all about and used to his own advantage. The Nile perch feeds on tiger fish, and these in turn feed on the little fish which we took from the bundle of brushwood. These, incidentally, proved to be a kind unknown to science; they eat small snails which in turn eat minute plants and animals on the bottom of the lake. In Lake Albert the top links of the food chain are complicated, because the Nile perch is eaten by crocodiles as well as by men. The crocodile and man can be equated together, because some natives eat crocodiles, and some crocodiles eat natives!

We Have Reason to Believe

By A MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

The first of five broadcasts by a Medical Psychologist who has studied both psychology and religion, and will explain the relations which, in his view, should rule between them. This opening talk deals with the scope of psychology

UNTILL quite recent times psychology was a rather dry and dusty subject and nobody except professors and other experts knew or cared very much about it. Today, as a result of the researches and discoveries of the last twenty or thirty years, it is one of the most popular and most active of all branches of science and its findings are being applied to education, medicine, art, industry, commerce, advertising, and many other aspects of daily life with results which are extremely interesting and valuable. In this series of talks we are to be concerned with the application of this new psychological knowledge and interest to religion. The first thing we must do is to get some sort of idea of what we mean by psychology and what we mean by religion, because they are both terms which it is not easy to define in any concise and yet comprehensive way. Psychology is the study of mental life and processes and the behaviour resulting from them. It is a branch of science, yet, by the nature of the facts with which it is concerned, it has peculiarities which other sciences do not have. For one thing, other sciences have more or less definitely limited fields—botany deals with facts about plants; astronomy deals with facts about stars; but psychology deals with facts about the human mind, which is the very instrument by which we perceive and estimate all facts and without which there would be no science of any kind at all.

The sciences all assume that this is a real world, that plants

and stars and minds exist, and that science did not create them. That is to say, science takes things as they are and does not concern itself with why they are, or what value they have. The final scientific question is, 'Is this true?' But when we consider the life of human beings, we find that there is another question, not less ultimate, which men ask about things, namely, 'Is it good? What is its value?' We cannot get away from that question of value if life is to have any meaning at all, but no science has anything to say about values. For example, suppose that a person has a mental illness, becomes, as we say, 'wrong in the mind'. From the strict psychological point of view nothing is 'wrong' in his mind. We can often understand pretty well what has happened and how it has happened. No laws of psychology have been broken, because scientific laws cannot be broken. Something has broken down, but it is not psychology, for the whole process is psychological. Insanity is just as psychologically true as sanity. What has broken down is health, and health is not a science, though science may help us to reach it. It is an ideal.

That is really one reason why some people are rather disappointed with psychology nowadays. It has been so much advertised and talked about, people called 'world-famous psychologists' come from America and announce lectures which profess to give their audiences radiant health, dynamic personalities, great prosperity and perfect happiness, all

through psychology; but it somehow does not happen. Psychology is not a way of life. All it can do is to state a problem and explain the various factors concerned, and then bring us up against the need for something more than psychology to see us through to something which we think valuable. You see, no science carries with it any guarantee that it will be properly used. Chemistry can give us powerful drugs and tell us how they act, but it is not chemistry which decides whether these drugs shall be used for healing or for poisoning. Just as it is possible for a man to have a large vocabulary and a good knowledge of grammar, and yet talk nonsense, so it is possible to have a good and glib knowledge of psychological theories and yet make rather a poor show of the business of living unless one has also ideals and values which psychology does not and cannot supply.

It is not easy to define psychology, but it is even more difficult to define religion. One thing we can say at once is that it is something quite fundamental in human life; from the earliest times and in the most primitive races we always find man expressing in some way his recognition of, and dependence on, powers higher than himself and his sense of spiritual realities and values. It would, of course, be quite impossible in these talks to cover the whole field of historic and prehistoric human religious experience, however deeply interesting and important it might be. So, for a working definition, I would suggest that by religion we mean a personal and practical relationship with what is believed to be a Supreme Being or God, and the attitude to life which that relationship leads to. The distinctive claim of the Christian religion of course is, not only that there is a God, but that the character of that God has been uniquely revealed by the historical Person, Jesus Christ. Religion, therefore, claims to be the response of man to something outside himself, and psychology is not directly concerned with man's environment—though it must always recognise its existence, because if there were no environment to which the mind could relate itself there would be no mind at all. No psychological argument, for example, can do anything to prove or disprove the existence of God; nor can it affirm or deny that if God does exist he has the character which Christianity claims for Him.

Why Does the Mind Concern Itself with Religion?

If we ask how it comes about that the mind concerns itself with religion at all, why religious ideals and feelings exist, some people might say that it is by revelation, by the activity of God's spirit in the heart of man. That might be one way of stating a truth, but it is not the sort of way nor the sort of truth that psychology knows anything about. We must try all through this discussion to keep quite clear the distinction between religious or theological doctrines and psychological processes. They are not necessarily contradictory, but they each have their own place and scope. You may thank God for your dinner, but unless the butcher has delivered the goods and the cook done her duty your grace before meat will be a good deal heartier than the grace you will say after it. From the psychological point of view the elements of religion are tradition adopted by suggestion, experience of nature and life and moral conflict, and intellectual efforts to understand the universe.

The psychology of religion is the study of the mental processes and behaviour of people who are religious, and it is a perfectly legitimate and very important study because once religious ideas are in the mind—wherever they may come from—they are subject to exactly the same psychological laws as any other ideas. Religion is not magically separate from the rest of life or from the laws of nature. If you are too blind to read the newspaper, you will not be able to read the Bible; if a man love not his brother, how can he love God?

But there is one question we may fairly ask before going further, namely, how far a real scientific examination of religion is possible at all. If religion is a personal relationship, then the only people who know anything about it are those who are themselves religious, and if they are religious then is not anything they say about religion apt to be biased, and therefore scientifically useless? That question is far too large for us to discuss fully, but it reminds us that we must beware of the dangerous error of imagining that scientific method is the only conceivable way of reaching any kind of truth. There

are truths which have been reduced to a formula or an equation, the meaning of which is quite definite, and can be tested by anyone who likes to repeat the experiment, the sort of things you can say about geometry or chemistry or geography; but there are also truths which are much more personal and which cannot be reached until we are willing to allow ourselves to feel and to experience. Any schoolboy who has done geometry can prove just as well as the greatest mathematician that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side, but if you listen to a schoolboy reciting some great poem, even though he recites it correctly, you feel it is empty—the boy has not the experience to enable him to enter into the feeling of the poem and make it his own, or to communicate the feeling to other people.

Truth Reached Through Emotional Experience

Whether we like it or not, there are some sorts of truths which can only be reached through a personal emotional experience. We cannot reach them in a spirit of scientific detachment or use what is sometimes called an 'open mind', often dangerously like a vacant mind. In science itself there is a demand for a certain discipline, the fulfilment of certain conditions, before truth can be reached. To see properly through a microscope, for instance, and to understand and interpret what you see, takes long training, and if you refuse to undergo that training you have no right to question the truth of what other people who have been trained say they can see through the microscope. In the same way, I may criticise a picture or an orchestra, but unless I have set myself to experience and appreciate artistic and musical values and the sort of truth they express, my criticism will be quite useless and even absurd. Similarly, it is quite in keeping that certain conditions must be fulfilled by people who wish to understand religious truth. Naturally the conditions are different from those required for the understanding of scientific truth, but the principle is the same. We want to know the truth about God, for instance; well, religion claims that the pure in heart shall see God, and therefore it is their views about Him, and only theirs, which deserve attention, because they have fulfilled the necessary condition of understanding.

Of course, all that does not mean that there is no place for the intellect in religion. Science cannot give us religious truth, but that does not mean that we can afford to be unscientific when we are dealing with religion. The fundamental personal necessity for science and for religion alike is honesty, and nobody who is afraid of truth has any right to call himself either scientific or religious. And, of course, psychology is just as much concerned with feeling and experience as with intellectual processes—indeed, more so, because the thing which has revitalised psychology in these days is precisely the recognition of the fact that feeling does matter so much; that it is not intellect but love which makes the world go round.

Now, with that preliminary discussion as a background, let us come back to the fact that psychology, taking man as he is, finds him concerned with the idea of God along those three lines that I mentioned—traditional suggestion, emotional experience, and intellectual effort. But modern psychological discoveries have shown that these processes themselves require further examination. The older psychology worked by observation and introspection of the conscious mind, but we now know that there are very important mental forces and processes which are unconscious, and that many of our motives and moods, enthusiasms and fancies, aspirations and fears, find their real explanation and power in those deeper levels of the mind. That is why the psychological criticism of religion is much more penetrating and apparently destructive than any earlier scientific criticism of a more external kind has been. It is not concerned with outside facts, historical or geological or biological or even theological, but with the very part of man by which he apprehends and experiences religion—or claims that he does. Honest and competent psychological criticism and investigation will do real religion no harm and a great deal of good because, unless religion does represent an aspect of ultimate truth, it is worse than useless, and also because there is a good deal of so-called religion which is psychologically false and unhealthy, and much which is unintelligent or childish or conventional or sentimental and in great need of psychological revision.

Music

Rossini and His Comic Operas

By FRANCIS TOYE

ROSSINI'S last important work, and in fact one of his finest, was the 'Petite Messe Solennelle'. It is typical of the composer that the best evidence we have of his realisation that his talents were in reality those of a composer of the lighter forms of music is to be found in this, the most expressive and sincere piece of music, perhaps, that he ever wrote. Rossini, as everybody knows, retired from active composition at the age of thirty-seven, after the production of 'William Tell'. There then followed inaction and, eventually, serious illness. But in the closing years of his life he wrote to amuse himself and the guests at his Saturday evening parties a great number of amusing trifles, some of which have been made familiar to the modern public in the ballet 'La Boutique Fantasque'. The mere fact of the 'Petite Messe Solennelle'—*solennelle*, perhaps, but certainly not *petite*—suddenly appearing in such company is characteristic enough of Rossini. But more characteristic still are the two notes which he affixed to the beginning and the end of a score described by him as 'The last mortal sin of my old age'. They take the form of two addresses to his Creator, and it is the second of the two which provides the evidence already referred to. It must, I fear, be produced in the original French, in that the best sentence of all is untranslatable.

Bon Dieu—La voilà terminée cette pauvre petite Messe. Est-ce bien de la musique Sacrée que je viens de faire ou bien de la Sacrée Musique? J'étais né pour l'Opera Buffa, tu le sais bien! Peu de Science, un peu de coeur; tout est là. Sois donc Béni, et accorde moi le Paradis. G. Rossini—Passy, 1863.

That was Rossini all over. He had to have his joke even with God, even when, as we know to have been the case in this instance, his feelings were most sincere. He might have put his confession in another form; he might have confessed that Beethoven had been proved right, for at a certain dramatic interview in Vienna forty years previously, Beethoven had been most emphatic in pointing out the path Rossini ought to follow. He was not particularly interested in the *opere serie*, 'Tancredi', 'Otello', 'Mosè', and the like, but he was loud in his admiration of 'The Barber of Seville'. When, blind and unkempt, he accompanied Rossini to the door of the squalid lodging, which Rossini later described so vividly to Wagner, his last words were: 'Remember, give us plenty of Barbers'.

A certain reservation, however, must be made. Rossini wrote some admirable music which was neither light nor funny. Apart from the beautiful music of the Mass already alluded to, there are many pages in 'Tancredi', 'Mosè', 'Otello' and 'La Donna del Lago' which even today, transcending the antiquated conventions of the form, can still move and delight us. There is also, of course, 'William Tell', with that wonderful second act which aroused in the usually antagonistic Berlioz such paroxysms of enthusiasm, and without which, it is safe to say, Meyerbeer, Wagner and Verdi would not have been as they were. The sheer musical genius of Rossini was such that his music, of whatever kind, inevitably reached the heights from time to time. But it is only, I think, in the comic operas that it remains almost consistently on the heights.

This is scarcely a matter of surprise when Rossini's career and temperament are taken into consideration. He was nothing of a hero and in no way, consciously, a reformer. If reforms could be effected, so to say, in his stride (as, for instance, in 'Tancredi' and 'Elisabetta'), well and good; if not . . . so much the worse. Only once, in 'William Tell', does he seem consciously to have attempted something new. The results pleased the musicians and left the public comparatively indifferent. It was typical of him that he never tried again. For him the easiest path was the inevitable path. When he was a young man he had loved women, wine and song—in the reverse order; he was brimful of vitality and the joy of living; he possessed a wit and charm well-nigh unique among composers. Small wonder that the most faithful, and therefore the

most interesting, musical reflection of such a personality is to be found in the comic operas, such as 'La Cenerentola', 'The Barber of Seville', 'L'Italiana in Algeri', which have been heard at Covent Garden during the present season. Small wonder that Rossini's *vis comica* has proved in fact to be his most important and most durable contribution to musical literature.

For sparkle, for wit, for sheer light-heartedness, there has never been any music quite like Rossini's. It is perhaps the only music ever written in which there is no trace of tears. If anyone fails to appreciate the fundamentally tragic nature of Mozart's muse . . . let him study Rossini. If anybody fails to appreciate the originality and the skill of Rossini's craftsmanship, as well as the charming freshness of his personality . . . let him study Auber and Offenbach. Only in one instance, Donizetti's 'Don Pasquale', that last link between the Classical and Romantic periods, has a worthy successor been found to Rossini's delightful and distinctive attributes.

Apart from their light-heartedness, Rossini's comic operas possess another common feature: they were all written in an incredibly short space of time. The composition of 'The Barber' in less than a fortnight is, of course, one of the standard miracles in musical history. 'La Cenerentola', written a year later, took him twenty-four days: 'L'Italiana', written three years previously, took him twenty-seven days at the most. Even 'Le Comte Ory', the product of his later and more careful Parisian period, which contains, in my view, some of the most elegant and distinguished music that he ever wrote, was composed within a month. Nothing could attest more strikingly the spontaneity of Rossini's inspiration; it flowed like water from a tap, and under high pressure at that. Still, facility of this kind has always been a characteristic of Italian operatic composers; men like Donizetti were perhaps even more fluent than Rossini. The point is in reality the excellence of so much of the music. Granted that there are whole pages written in the conventional idiom of the time, that the scoring is sometimes thin, the fact remains that there are many more pages which only Rossini could have written and that a great deal of the scoring is in fact far more individual and original than the modern ear, now attuned to the manifold orchestral invention of Wagner and Berlioz, can readily apprehend.

Even 'L'Italiana', which, from the strictly musical point of view, is undoubtedly the weakest of his four great comic operas, whatever may be the charms of its youthful exuberance and vitality, possesses a first act that is full of inspiration. 'Le Comte Ory', apart from half-a-dozen first-rate numbers, possesses that wonderful trio which no less a person than Berlioz described as Rossini's absolute masterpiece.

The particular merit of 'La Cenerentola' is rather different. There are comparatively few 'good tunes'; it is the skill of the ensemble writing which is so remarkable. Generally speaking, its outstanding attribute may be described as fantastic eloquence combined with grace. It is my own personal favourite. Remains 'The Barber'. It is more witty than humorous; it is perhaps richer in characterisation than the others. But, of course, the supreme merit of the score is the fidelity with which it translates Beaumarchais' play into the language of music. The emotion, the tenderness with which Mozart, drawing on his own personality, invested his 'Figaro' are not to be found in Beaumarchais at all. Neither are they to be found in Rossini. It may be doubted whether there has ever been a more felicitous marriage between music and text than 'The Barber of Seville'.

Mr. J. N. L. Myres asks us to state that he was not in any way responsible for the choice of the illustrations to his broadcast dialogue with Mrs. Hawkes on 'Rome and After', which was published in our issue of April 24.

Round the Art Exhibitions



Mme. Carolus-Duran, by Jean Boldini



La Romance du Lapin Agile, by Picasso. Portraits of the Painter, Alice and Père Fred (Lent by M. Rolf de Maré)



M. Rouart and his son, by Degas



Portrait of the art-dealer, Mr. Brummer, 1909, by Henri Rousseau

Fifty Years of Portraits 1885-1935, at the Leicester Galleries



Portrait of the Baroness von Schenck-Winterstein, by Lucas Cranach the Elder, from the Exhibition of Twenty Masterpieces at Knoedler's Gallery



Portrait with Foliage, from the Exhibition of Paintings by Paul Klee at the Mayor Gallery



The Road from Dieppe, from the Renoir Exhibition at the Lefèvre

Danubian Clues to European Peace

The Little Entente and the Balkan Pact

By WICKHAM STEED

IN these talks there has been a noticeable difference of tone, and almost of outlook, between the speakers who knew the Danubian region before the War and those who have studied or worked in it since. The 'old hands' seemed to be thinking their thoughts in a historical setting of which the younger 'hands' were not so fully conscious. As a very 'old hand' I have, for example, a little bone to pick with my friend Sir Arthur Salter, who spoke last week. While I agreed very heartily with much that he said and, in particular, upon the good work that was done by the late Socialist Administration of Vienna, he made me wince more than once. He spoke of the Austro-Hungarian 'Empire' as having had 60,000,000 inhabitants, and said that it was a free trade territory. Now there never was an Austro-Hungarian 'Empire'. There was an Empire of Austria with nearly 29,000,000 inhabitants, a Kingdom of Hungary, including Croatia-Slavonia, with about 21,000,000, and Bosnia-Herzegovina with nearly 2,000,000. These countries together made up the Austro-Hungarian, or Dual, Monarchy with a total population of about 52,000,000.

The Empire of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary were linked together, in economic matters, by a 'Customs and Trade Alliance' which had to be renewed every ten years. Over its renewal an 'Imperial and Royal' battle was invariably fought, and the battle always ended in greater independence for Hungary. In my time, that is, from the autumn of 1902 till July, 1913, there was a growing Hungarian or, rather, Magyar demand for an *ön-álló vámterület* or independent Hungarian customs territory; and if, in the main, customs unity was preserved, there were all sorts of restrictions upon freedom of trade. I think Mr. Mitrany was right when he said that the unity of the old Habsburg Monarchy was more apparent than real. The chief if not the only element of real unity was the fact that the whole country was a vast dynastic estate, and that its various peoples were looked upon almost as its tenants who were subject to the will of the crown.

Francis Joseph and the Dual System

The wearer of the Crown, or Crowns, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and Royal Apostolic King of Hungary, was not, it is true, altogether his own master. He was shackled by the play of the Dual System, which often worked in curious ways. Neither he nor any member of the Imperial and Royal Family really liked this System. His presumptive successor, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, loathed it. Francis Joseph had been obliged to accept it in 1867 after the movements for national unity in Germany and Italy had ejected him in 1866 from both those countries and had driven him back upon his Danubian realms. Until then he had thought less of looking after what we may perhaps call his 'home lands' than of playing a big part in Europe. But when he turned his attention to the neglected task of putting his home lands in order, he found he had to deal, first and foremost, with the Germans of Austria and the Magyars of Hungary. The Germans of Austria were mortified at being cut off from Germany proper; and the Magyars of Hungary had been offering passive resistance to Francis Joseph ever since their revolution of 1848, which Francis Joseph had crushed in 1849 with the help of a Russian army. So in 1867 these two peoples forced him to accept the Dual System, an arrangement which put the Magyar nobles and gentry in control of Hungary and the Austrian Germans in practical control of Austria. But neither of these peoples could be sure of keeping their privileges without some backing from Germany, and they were consequently open to influence from Berlin. In fact, German influence more than once prevented Francis Joseph from upsetting the Dual System and from replacing it by a Federal System which would have been fairer to his many non-German and non-Magyar peoples.

One of the paradoxical effects of the Dual System—which, as I have said, was set up because Francis Joseph had been ejected from Germany and Italy—was to keep him, the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, indirectly under the control of Germany. But the Habsburg Monarchy was full of

paradoxes. It was a sort of Wonderland, without Alice though with a Great White Monarch. Nobody ever knew what would happen next, except that it would be something improbable, and many feared that the whole Monarchy might go to pieces if the Emperor should die.

Suggestions for an Imperial Federation

Francis Joseph's popular son and heir, the Archduke Rudolph, had perished without male issue in an obscure tragedy at Mayerling in 1889. The next heir was the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Francis Joseph's nephew, a very different kind of man. Early in the present century, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was much impressed by a book which a Rumanian from Hungary, named Popovici, wrote upon the future of the Habsburg Monarchy. This book proposed that the Dual System should be replaced by an Imperial Federation called 'The United States of Great-Austria'. Naturally the Magyars of Hungary felt that the proposal was aimed at their privileged position, and thought it wicked. But the Archduke saw that things could not go on for ever as they were without estranging from the Habsburgs their non-German and non-Magyar peoples, that is to say, two-thirds of his future subjects. Since his uncle, Francis Joseph, had already been turned out of Germany and Italy by movements for racial union, the Archduke felt it to be vital that a third movement for union, which was gathering strength among the Southern (or Yugo-) Slav peoples inside and outside the Monarchy, should, if possible, be turned in favour of, or should not be allowed to go against, the Habsburg Crown.

The question was: How to do it? The principal Southern (or Yugo-) Slav country outside the Monarchy was the independent Kingdom of Serbia. If it could be induced, or compelled, to come into the Habsburg Monarchy, the independent Kingdom of Rumania on the East might perhaps be drawn in also, so as to link up with the two or three million Rumanians in Hungary and join what would be a Great Imperial Federation on the Danube. The Magyar nobles and gentry would, of course, desperately oppose any change of the sort; and the Liberal, as distinguished from the Clerical, Germans of Austria might likewise resist it, because they hoped one day to form part of a great Pan-German State. Yet the Archduke and his (mainly Clerical) advisers thought the thing could be done, and that the best way to begin would be to set up, inside the Monarchy and alongside of Austria and Hungary, a third Southern Slav State in which the Catholic Southern Slavs, or Croats, would predominate over the Serb, and (eventually) the Serbian, Southern Slavs who belonged to the Orthodox Church.

'Trialism'

This policy went by the name of 'Trialism'. The name meant a Triple System instead of 'Dualism' or the Dual System. Because the Heir-Presumptive was known to favour it, the Magyars disliked and suspected him. He returned their dislike with interest, and denounced in unmeasured terms their treatment of the non-Magyar peoples of Hungary. It is on record, for instance, in the British Diplomatic Documents, that the Tsar of Russia warned the Archduke in October, 1903, to be more careful of his language about the Magyars; who, after all, were one of the most important peoples over whom he would one day have to rule.

Up to the autumn of 1907 it seemed, nevertheless, that the Archduke's 'Trialism' might have a chance. The Croats and Serbs—that is to say, the Southern Slavs inside the Monarchy—had come together, and it looked as though the Serbians of Serbia might be willing to join them. But at this moment the Magyar Government picked a quarrel with the Serbo-Croatian Coalition which was in power at Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, and took proceedings for high treason against a number of Hungarian Southern Slavs. These proceedings, and similar charges afterwards brought against the Serbo-Croatian Coalition itself, turned out to be based upon forgeries. Strong

evidence was presently produced by Professor Masáryk, now President of Czechoslovakia, to show that some prominent Hungarian diplomatists had taken a hand in the fabrication of these forgeries. However this may have been, the forgeries and their exposure helped to kill the chance of solving the Southern Slav problem amicably. Rightly or wrongly, the Southern Slavs became convinced that their movement for union was to be crushed and that, instead of being wooed, they were to be coerced.

Thus things moved towards a climax. The climax came in the autumn of 1912 when Serbia, in alliance with Bulgaria, Greece and Montenegro, made war on Turkey. In Austria and Hungary it had been expected that the Turks would beat the Serbians whom Austria-Hungary could then intervene to 'protect' or, in plain language, to absorb. Deep was the dismay in Vienna and Budapest when Serbia beat the Turks. Next year, when the Balkan Allies quarrelled, and Bulgaria attacked Serbia, the Serbians were again victorious. Then the Southern (or Yugo-) Slav movement began to look really dangerous, and it was felt that something drastic had to be done to save the Habsburg Monarchy.

The German Emperor felt this too. In October, 1913, he urged Austria-Hungary to call Serbia quickly to account and promised full German support in every direction, even against Russia if she should try to help Serbia. His advice was the more welcome because Germany as well as Italy had declined, ten weeks before, an Austro-Hungarian proposal that they should all join in a 'defensive' war against Serbia.

The Great War

In the spring and summer of 1914 the situation grew very strained. After the Serbian victories over Turkey and Bulgaria the Southern Slavs were preparing to celebrate, on June 28, the anniversary of the overthrow of the Serbian Empire by the Turks at Kossovo in 1389—525 years before. The anniversary, Kossovo Day, had always been kept as a day of mourning; now, for the first time, it was to be kept in a spirit of rejoicing. Yet, on this very day, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whom the Orthodox Serbians of Serbia and the Serbs of Bosnia, in particular, had come to look upon as their special enemy, visited Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia. His visit had been announced weeks in advance. A plot against him was formed by young Bosnian Serbs, with the connivance of conspirators at Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. The Archduke and his wife were assassinated. A month and a day later Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia. The Great War had begun.

Before it ended, four years and three months later, the Habsburg Monarchy had gone to pieces, with consequences, political and economic, which Professor Seton-Watson and Sir Arthur Salter have described. The Austrian Poles joined Poland; the Austrian Czechs and Hungarian Slovaks were included in the Czechoslovak Republic; most of the Rumanes of Hungary and Austria went to Rumania, together with a million or two of Magyars; the Yugoslavs joined with Serbia to form Yugoslavia; the Southern Tyrol, Trieste and other regions went to Italy, and only the Germans of Austria and the bulk of the Magyars of Hungary remained unattached. Yet the fragments of a broken vessel cannot serve the same purpose as the vessel itself. So, presently, the question arose whether they could not be brought together again in some way. The question was not, and is not, easy to answer. Several of the peoples which broke away from the Habsburg Monarchy at the end of the War cherished memories of ancient national greatness. They escaped as from a prison which nobody had been wise enough, or strong enough, to turn into a home for them all. Even the Germans of Austria wished to join the new German Republic though, for reasons good or bad, this was prevented. The Magyars alone—a gallant, attractive, and, politically, a vigorous race of Asiatic origin, with a thousand years of romantic history to look back upon—could not reconcile themselves to the loss of their commanding position and of the greater part of their territory. Mainly responsible though they may have been for the failure of the Habsburg Monarchy to transform itself into a great Imperial Federation, and short-sighted though their rule over the non-Magyar Hungarians had been, it was hard to refuse them sympathy or not to understand their feelings when they took as their watchword *Nem! Nem! Soha* (No, no, never) and demanded revision of the Peace Treaties.

What, to their critics, was less deserving of sympathy was their refusal, or that of their governing caste of nobles and gentry, to refashion their social system and to split up the huge estates of their landed magnates among the peasantry as was being done in Rumania and Czechoslovakia. This refusal is still an obstacle to co-operation between Danubian countries. The governing Magyar caste have tried to carry on in the old spirit, and have seemed to merit the stricture passed upon them half a century ago by the eminent Belgian writer, M. de Lavaleye, that they are incapable of learning from past errors. It may also be true, as some of their contemporary critics suggest, that the Magyar nobles found the cry for treaty revision a useful means of diverting public attention from the more urgent need for social, agrarian, and democratic political reform. Of course, there are those who disagree with my reading of events, who think that Hungary was more sinned against than sinning; they consider that Hungary is thoroughly unfairly treated.

Formation of the 'Little Entente'—

Be this as it may, the cry for treaty revision was felt by Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia to be a threat to their own freedom and unity. As a safeguard against this threat they formed the 'Little Entente'—a name first used derisively by a Magyar journal though soon accepted by them as a title. Some arrangement like the Little Entente had, indeed, been planned just after the War. In 1919 it began to take shape. In August, 1920, a Treaty of Defensive Alliance was made between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. In April, 1921, a similar alliance was concluded between Czechoslovakia and Rumania; and, in June, 1921, between Yugoslavia and Rumania. These treaties, taken together, were the foundations of the Little Entente.

All these treaties were designed to uphold the Danubian Peace Treaties under the Covenant of the League of Nations, and were registered with the League. By them the three States agreed to help each other against unprovoked attack by Hungary, while Yugoslavia and Rumania bound themselves to act jointly in dealing with all questions of foreign policy relating to Hungary and Bulgaria. In August, 1922, the Czechoslovak-Yugoslav Treaty was revised and extended so as to provide for the closest co-operation in diplomacy, economics and finance, and it was renewed for five years in 1928. From the outset, conferences between the leading statesmen of the Entente had been held at regular intervals. One representative of each country in turn was elected to the Council of the League of Nations as the trustee of them all. In May, 1929, the Little Entente treaties were prolonged for five years and a clause added to make their renewal automatic. Thus the Little Entente became a permanent institution.

For a long time the Little Entente was looked upon in Europe as a French 'satellite' because each of its members had, like Poland, concluded a defensive alliance with France. It was thought that France had drawn the Little Entente into her orbit and was using it as her tool against Germany. The truth was rather that the Little Entente had drawn France into its orbit by persuading her to guarantee Austrian independence and the Peace Settlement on the Danube.

If France ever imagined that she could do as she liked with the Little Entente, she was undeceived in the spring of 1933 when her Foreign Minister seemed inclined to accept, in its original form, an Italian proposal for a Four-Power Pact between Italy, Germany, France and Great Britain. As Mr. Ramsay MacDonald then told the House of Commons, the principal aim of this pact was to have been treaty revision. Then the Little Entente transformed itself into a diplomatic and political unit by signing a special agreement to resist all attempts to destroy existing treaties. Each of its members gave up the right to conclude any treaty with an outside Power save in consultation with the other two. It set up a permanent organisation at Geneva and empowered the representative of one of its members to act for all.

—and its Effects on the Four-Power Pact

Having done this, the Little Entente sent the Rumanian Foreign Minister, M. Titulescu, to London as special Ambassador to warn the British Government, in so many words, that treaty revision would mean war. Simultaneously Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, told the French

Government that, while it had every right to sign any pact which it might think conducive to French interests, it would cancel the signature of France to the treaties of alliance with the countries of the Little Entente by the self-same stroke of the pen as that with which France would sign the projected Four-Power Pact. Consequently the Four-Power Pact was not signed by France until it had been drastically altered to the satisfaction of the Little Entente and of Poland.

Thus there is no exaggeration to speak of the Little Entente as a powerful factor in European affairs, especially in the Danubian region. Its peoples number nearly 50,000,000 and its military forces are by no means negligible. Moreover, since February, 1934, its influence has been extended by the conclusion of a Balkan Pact in which Rumania and Yugoslavia have joined with Greece and Turkey.

Signing of the Balkan Pact

Efforts to bring the Balkan States and Turkey into agreement had been going on for more than three years, the first step having been taken by the Greek statesman, M. Venizelos, who visited the Turkish capital and prepared the way for a treaty between Turkey and Greece. A conference of Balkan States was held in 1930, another in October, 1931, and yet another, under Greek auspices, in November, 1932. In September, 1933, a Greco-Turkish treaty was signed. Soon afterwards, in January, 1934, a Balkan Pact was drafted. Its object was to bind its signatories not to make war on one another; to settle all differences by arbitration, except cases of legitimate self-defence or of sanctions imposed by the League of Nations; to stand together against any country which the League might declare to have violated international obligations; and, generally, to give each other mutual aid.

On February 9, 1934, the Foreign Ministers of Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Turkey signed the Pact. They guaranteed mutually the security of all their Balkan frontiers, and undertook to consult together in emergencies likely to affect their interests. They pledged their countries to take no political action against any other Balkan State not signatory to the Pact—that is to say, Bulgaria and Albania—without previous mutual discussion, and not to contract any political obligations towards any other Balkan States without the consent of the other signatories.

The harmony between the Little Entente and the Balkan Pact is now indicated by the circumstances that M. Titulescu happens this year to be the President of them both. And, quite recently, on May 16, both were reinforced by a Treaty of Mutual Assistance between Czechoslovakia and Soviet Russia. Thus the influence of Russia has tended to strengthen the Little Entente, through the Balkan Pact, and indirectly to support the independence of Austria—a development which caused a Turkish diplomatist drily to observe that Turkey has now become a pillar of Austrian independence after having been, for centuries, Austria's most redoubtable antagonist!

What of the future? The Habsburgs and their Monarchy fell with a mighty crash, and it seems unlikely that they can ever be restored to their old position. Out of their failure grew the present position in the Danubian lands, a position which should not be hastily condemned, however obvious some of its defects may be. If people ask how it can be improved, the answer lies partly in the hands of the Little Entente and in those of the countries which have signed the Balkan Pact, partly in the tendencies of Germany and Hungary, and, very largely, in the power and vigour of the League of Nations. Some may think it a nuisance to have so many small States in and around the Danubian region, and believe it would really be better if they were all incorporated in a larger unit like Germany or Russia. But I am not at all sure that, for instance, a huge Germany, or pan-Germany, extending from the North Sea to the Black Sea and from the Baltic to the Adriatic, would be a factor of real concord in Europe. And I am quite sure that the extension of Soviet Russia to Central Europe, and to the Danubian and Balkan regions, would be looked upon by Western European nations as a danger. In judging international affairs, it is usually best not to indulge in such speculations, and to take present facts as they are. The fact is that these smaller States are very much alive, and are resolved to defend themselves; so, unless we are ready to admit that 'treaty revision'—the exact meaning

of which nobody knows—would justify another great European war, we are bound to ask whether there is not some more excellent way of adjusting matters.

Anti-War Alliances

The Little Entente, at all events, has proved its vitality and its unity. It has stood and stands against war. All kinds of efforts have been made to split it up. Hitherto they have failed. The Balkan Pact also stands against war and tends to promote peace and co-operation in a disjointed part of Europe. The Little Entente, in particular, has tried to promote economic agreement between its members and Austria and Hungary. But Italy has not always watched these Little Entente efforts with a friendly eye; and Germany has sometimes seemed more eager to absorb Austria, and to support Magyar demands for treaty revision, than to foster general harmony in the Danubian region.

Must hope of better things in that region therefore be given up? Need we despair of seeing something like a United States of Central and South Eastern Europe grow out of the Little Entente and the Balkan Pact? I think not—on one condition. This condition is that war shall not merely be averted by defensive pacts or alliances, but that war itself shall be effectively banned. So long as the danger of war persists, treaty revision seems to me out of the question. The present frontiers, which the Magyars resent as unjust, will be thought by Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia to be indispensable to their security against possible attack. But if war were effectively banned, and were therefore felt to be so unlikely that no country need fear for its safety, a sense of general security would grow up, and whatever may be really unfair or wrong in the peace treaties would be peacefully revised by consent. Frontiers might rapidly become as invisible as are the borders of English counties or those of the States in the American Union. Friendly intercourse and helpfulness would develop. It may be a dream, but, if war and the fear of war can be got rid of, I look forward to a day when the Danubian peoples will be able to dwell together in peace, none making them afraid.

The Barren Peartree

I

Late work that night before sleep
Under the homely thatch.
On the barren peartree near the door
Hung the carcase of a sheep,
And miles of desert mooncalm shone
While the busy meatsaw bit through bone.

The leaves and meat framed only this,
A mountain nicknamed Genesis,
Peak where no prophet yet has stood
Possessed, to speak with God,
His bearded throat raised up,
The moon reflected on his lip,
His straining eyeballs veined with red,
And his forehead carved like column-top
Helping uphold a dome.

No answer there but rock,
The lonely and reluctant echo,
The cry delaying, the unanswered cry,
Hollow, diffuse and faint:
But the peartree was in bloom with light,
Petalled with promise of future fruit.

II

It bears a handsome harvest: heavy like breasts
The fruits hang touching, ripe for hands.
Chasing two diamonds rolls a kinder moon
Through nightblue coolness and a pack
Of racing fleeces roselit from below,
Warmed by a town's endeavour,
Tints of a private, sure reward,
The harmony of give and take,
Trust, gratitude, restraint.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Among the British Islanders

Society

By PATRICK BALFOUR*

DURING my tour of our neighbouring planet, Earth, I was struck by the fact that merrymaking, on the rare occasions when it occurred, was almost invariably associated with some religious festival. The British Islanders proved no exception to this rule. Their big sporting events are everywhere regarded as an excuse for rejoicing. The chief of these festivals is Derby Day, the occasion of the Islanders' great horse-race, which is celebrated with eating, drinking, dancing and other junketings, throughout the length and breadth of the Islands. In the North the night of the Grand National steeplechase is another such, comparable in its gaiety to the carnival spirit of some important Buddhist



'One of his closest friends'

cremation in China, another part of the planet. Football, cricket, rowing and fox-hunting, four cardinal manifestations of the Islanders' creed, are celebrated in a similar fashion. British fox-hunters, after the manner of some African native tribes, are accustomed to celebrate their sacrifices with dancing. 'Hunt balls', as the Islanders call them, are held during the winter in every part of the country.

In London, the night of the great annual boating festival, in which Oxford and Cambridge, the two main seats of ecclesiastical learning, take part, presents a scene of unrestrained enthusiasm and fervour, while the inter-tribal football ceremonies are attended by rejoicings such as you find among other Earthly races at the conclusion of Ramadan, the great Muhammadan fast.

But apart from his great religious festivals the British Islander is not much given to demonstrations of enjoyment. He is guided in this respect by a popular text, or slogan: 'The Englishman shall take his pleasures sadly'. Social intercourse, in the Islands, is established only over food and drink, and, as my listeners will agree, to watch his fellow-creatures filling their stomachs would seem, to a Martian, a somewhat melancholy and sordid means of contact. The food of the British Islander may be defined as simple, but not good. His proverbial fondness for animals leads him to take a sentimental rather than a gastronomic view of what he eats. He will refer, for instance, to a 'nice chop' or a 'nice bit of fish' in an affectionate and almost personal tone, much as if he were discussing one of his pets. But his affection for his food takes no account of the manner of its cooking.

The principal centres of social life in the Islands are those places where drink is consumed: the public houses for alcohol, and the corner houses for tannin. The Islands pride themselves on their democratic character, and in a public house we find for the first time evidence of the numerous social distinctions which go to make up the democratic hierarchy. The public house, by a system which reminded me of Hindu India, is divided by partitions into sections for the various castes. These, in descending social sequence, are labelled respectively, Private Bar, Saloon Bar, Public Bar, and Bottle and Jug. Conversation in either compartment is usually confined to sacred subjects, such as horse-racing, football, cricket, or dog-racing. Most public houses in the British Islands close

at 10.0 p.m. This is because the Islanders pride themselves on being a free country, and insist that barmen and barmaids be free every evening to go to bed—or to practise other pursuits—at a fixed hour.

No food is consumed in public houses. In the corner houses, on the other hand, the Martian visitor is startled to observe large numbers of people not only drinking, but eating, *in public*. It is only fair to say, however, that this obscene practice is not confined to the British Islands alone but is followed in every part of this curious planet.

Apart from sporting observances and the practices which I have noted in connection with eating and drinking, the chief amusement of the British Islanders is the cinematograph. Most popular among cinema topics are scenes from the life of the American people, a race which is secretly envied by this more civilised people for its more primitive qualities. Episodes from the past history of the Islanders, provided they are portrayed in a manner inaccurate enough to be both palatable and comprehensible, are also popular in this connection. This is usually a purely stylised entertainment, in which the personality of Mr. George Arliss, a British nobleman of the screen, is substituted for that of the chief historical figure in question. Another popular entertainment is what is curiously termed the 'variety' show, a somewhat monotonous repetition of semi-nudist antics and jokes centring round the most eccentric Government Minister of the moment.

Hitherto I have confined my observations principally to the recreations of the middle and lower classes among the Islanders. I must now pass to the so-called ruling section of this democratic community. This is known as the Society; or, occasionally, as Polite Society. But the latter term is no longer considered entirely appropriate to the body in question. The membership of this Society is hard to analyse. Perhaps it is best summed up in its opening oratorical slogan: 'My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen', or, simply, 'My Lords and Gentlemen'. Society contains a number of lords; it also contains a number of gentlemen. The distinction between the two is invidious and I confess that I was never able wholly to fathom it. I found among both lords and gentlemen a variety of types:



'Lords who had become socialists, socialists who had become lords'

lords who made cigarettes and gentlemen who smoked them, gentlemen who made money and lords who spent it, lords who owned racehorses and gentlemen who rode them, lords who had become socialists, socialists who had become lords, gentlemen who had become butchers, butchers who had become gentlemen, and these, in the Society, are perhaps the most prominent of all, since the British Islanders pride themselves on being a Nation of Shopkeepers.

Ladies in the Society are as difficult to define as lords and gentlemen. They are not, of necessity, the wives of lords, nor,

*Spoken by G. R. Schjeldrup

conversely, are the wives of lords (of necessity) ladies. The female element in the High Society of the British Islanders forms an eclectic group, summarised by the Islanders in the one magic incantation, 'Godblessem'.

As among African races, a woman, on reaching a certain age, has to undergo certain initiation rites before she can be admitted to mature society. With the feathers of an ostrich in her

hair she is presented to her sovereign, after which she is accounted a debutante, and turns from the serious occupations of her childhood to the more frivolous pursuits of her elders and betters.

My introduction to the life of this society was through the agency of an individual who, I was assured, was a Bright Young Person. I must confess that I was unable to fathom the significance of the phrase since, by Martian standards, this gentleman was neither bright, young, nor, strictly speaking, a person. He was, however, extremely hospitable and invited me to take lunch with him at a fashionable eating house. I was, by now, beginning to overcome my Martian abhorrence of eating in public, and welcomed this opportunity of observing the habits of the fashionable tribes. I arrived at the appointed time and, somewhat to my alarm,



'Godblessem'

was instantly divested of my overcoat by a gentleman in evening dress. But before I could expostulate I was ushered into a congested ante-room where a pandemonium of voices, as at some African tribal ceremony, greeted me. Finding, after some difficulty, my host, I was presented to his fellow guests, who stretched a perfunctory hand in my direction and continued their conversation. This, as its vehemence would indicate, was evidently of some import. But since the upper strata of this Society speak a dialect wholly different from the rest of the population I was unable to comprehend its meaning very clearly. I gathered, however, from the constant references to 'The Party', that it was largely political in character. It appeared that at some party meeting on the previous evening disturbances had been caused by the Opposition (referred to by my companions as gate-crashers) who had presumably endeavoured to storm the hall.

My fellow guests were a representative collection from among the inhabitants of London's great houses, the noble and historic mansion flats of Grosvenor House, Devonshire House, Aldford House and the rest. My neighbours were a Marchioness, who very kindly offered me seats for the musical comedy in which she was performing, and a distinguished English Society Hostess, who was born and bred, so I gathered, in Chicago. She indicated her neighbour to me as an Eligible Young Man. His father, she added, had from humble beginnings made a fortune in the meat trade. His presence in that gathering seemed to me remarkable evidence of this Society's democratic and unsnobbish tendency. Opposite me was a great lady, who most considerately offered to help me if I was desirous of taking or furnishing a house in London. She even assured me that I could leave it entirely in her hands. Her neighbour I took to be a typical old English gentleman. Addressing me with the old world courtesy of his kind, he said that if I wished to buy a motor-car during my stay in London, he would be pleased to see to the transaction himself. From which I estimated that this Society is a potent force, not only in party politics, but in the retail trade of the Islands.

The other guests included a lord, of modest disposition, who was evidently a social climber: that is to say, a man whose primary interest is to climb out of the Society, but whose position is continuously hindering him from doing so.

After luncheon my host took me to a Society wedding to which he had been invited, and in which he displayed a pecu-

liar interest, since the bride was one of his closest friends, having once been married to himself. She was attended by a beauty chorus which seemed to me to outshine entirely, both in costume and demeanour, that which I had seen the previous evening at the Palace Theatre.

Later I proceeded to a cocktail party, to which my neighbour at luncheon had invited me. This is perhaps the most popular form of entertainment among the upper tribes of the British Islanders. It is a refreshingly simple function, at which the guests drink coloured liquids from little glasses, crowd together, prattle without restraint about anything that comes into their heads, and as the evening proceeds are carried away by a garrulous enthusiasm which is positively child-like in its intensity.

Later that night I proceeded to an entertainment which touched our planet very nearly. It was called a Martian Ball, and there was a parade of fashionable ladies in costumes supposed to represent those of Mars. My listeners would have been very much diverted by this parade in which the inhabitants of our planet were made to walk about, not in the natural state to which we are accustomed, but in impractical and immodest garments of cellophane, white oilcloth, tinfoil and other metallic tissues, with grotesque and unwieldy head-dresses. It was necessary to pay for admission to this ball, which was held in the name of charity. Charity, according to a well-known text of the Islanders, begins at home, which in this case I assumed to be the home of the hostess who received the guests. When the parade was over my host asked me if I would care to come on to his Club. Sensible of the honour—for I knew that the London Club is one of the British Islander's most respected institutions and that admission to its exclusive salons is among the higher tribal privileges—I accepted with alacrity. I was taken to a building of somewhat mean appearance. My host paid large sums of money at the door and conducted me to a small underground room, where an orchestra of African negroes, in the evening dress of the British Islanders, played curious, wailing instruments and beat upon tom-toms, and people of both sexes danced. Dancing is a popular pursuit among the British Islanders, but it is very primitive in character and consists merely in a form of close hugging and rhythmical trotting up and down. The expressions of the peo-



'Who most considerately offered'

Drawings by R. S. Sherriffs

ple are as mournful when they dance as they are, in fact, in most of their social pursuits.

Unfortunately I have not the time to describe to my listeners all the many events of the social season in the British Islands. There is, for instance, a place named Ascot, where an elaborate fancy dress parade is held once a year by the members of the Society and a number of well-bred horses caper in the background. There is another fancy dress parade at a place in North London called Lord's, where a number of well-bred youths caper in an arena. Indeed the habits of this curious people provide a never-failing source of study to the anthropologist.

RADIO NEWS-REEL JUNE 3-7

A pictorial summary of the news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE

A photograph of the official model showing the arch over the Embankment. Parliament has refused powers to the L.C.C. to borrow money for the construction of the bridge. According to Mr. Morrison, however, the Finance Committee had already provided for this contingency, and the decision will not mean an increase in the rates.



STRIKERS AT DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN

The Transport and General Workers' Union called a strike in the Isle of Man on June 3, demanding 48s. for a 48-hour week instead of 40s. for a 50-hour week. For two days the island was without transport or electricity: in fact, the only public service still working was the water-supply. A settlement was reached by candle light at 11 p.m. on June 5: the workers to receive 46s. for a 48-hour week in summer and 44s. for a 46-hour week in winter within the Douglas area, and 2s. less elsewhere.



BOAT RACE

The two oldest of the training ships, the *Worcester* and the *Conway*, held their annual boat race on June 4. The picture shows the finish of the race, with the *Worcester's* crew leading, and the *Worcester* itself on the left manned by cheering cadets.

BACK FROM THE ANTARCTIC

The Royal Research Ship, *Discovery II*, arrived at St. Katharine Dock on June 4. The expedition left the Thames in October, 1933, and has spent 20 months zig-zagging along the edge of the Antarctic icefields, and studying the habits and the diet of whales in the whaling grounds of the far south. The photograph on the right shows *Discovery II* at Visca Bay in King George Island.





PREMIER FOR EIGHTY HOURS

The photograph shows M. Bouisson facing the French Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday of last week with a request for special powers to deal with the financial crisis—powers similar to those which had been refused to M. Flandin. He had already read his declaration of policy, and carried a motion to postpone all other questions until the Special Powers Bill had been debated. A turbulent meeting of Radicals failed to come to any decision about the party's attitude to the Government.

The Special Powers Bill passed the Financial Committee by a majority of one. Then it came before the House. A number of Radicals voted against it, and its defeat was announced by two votes. M. Bouisson immediately resigned.

Later in the evening 14 deputies changed their minds, and a 'rectification' of the voting showed a majority of 12 for the Bill. But it was too late, and M. Bouisson refused to reconsider his resignation.



L.C.C. EXHIBITION

L.C.C.

An exhibition of the work of the L.C.C. during the last 25 years was held last week at County Hall. The photograph shows the work of girls of 11-14 in the senior schools which have been reorganised under the Hadow scheme.



TROOPING THE COLOUR

The King rode on Monday morning, accompanied by his four sons, to attend the Trooping of the Colour in honour of his seventieth birthday. The picture shows the Guards returning to Buckingham Palace after the ceremony.



FINISH OF THE DERBY

Bahram, ridden by Fred Fox, can be seen winning by two lengths: then Robin Goodfellow, with Field Trial half-a-length behind. Bahram belongs to the Aga Khan, and has not yet been beaten.

In spite of huge pools of water, sodden tents and sodden ground, the familiar Derby Day scenes were all on view—tipsters, side shows, bookmakers' umbrellas, and of course thousands of racegoers, who even without umbrellas, braved the rain to cheer the Royal Family and enjoy the fun of the fair.

Microphone Miscellany

Short extracts from recent broadcasts

The Treaty of Vereeniging

On May 31 the Dominion of South Africa celebrated its Silver Jubilee. Two days later Sir Ian Hamilton reminded listeners of the signing of the Treaty of Vereeniging, the occasion that made the Union possible

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO, on May 31, 1902, the Treaty of Vereeniging, which put an end to the Boer War, was signed. It was signed in the nick of time. There were only fifty-five minutes left when the names were put on the parchment. Kitchener stood at the door of his own house taking leave of the Boer delegates. To each one he gave a hearty shake of the hand saying, 'We are good friends now'. Mine is the only living voice now left on earth to tell you what happened on our side of the door. The moment the Boer delegates left Captain Marker and I rushed back into the committee room and started a new war for the possession of the pen in which he, being the younger and more ferocious, gained the victory. We were wildly excited. To Kitchener and his group, the relief was enormous, because we had held all along that no people anywhere could be more safely relied upon than the Boers to honour a freely negotiated Covenant, whereas anything like a lay-down-your-arms-and-take-what-we-give-you peace would last just so long as we could keep up a big army of occupation.

At our first meeting twelve days earlier, there had been a good deal of bickering, and one incident which came within a hair's breadth of spoiling everything. Stung by what he took to be a sarcastic note in a remark by Lord Milner, De la Rey jumped up to leave the room. He meant going. But Kitchener rose and said quietly, but in an arresting voice, 'General, I must beg you to sit down; at a moment of world importance like the present everyone of us must behave in a civilised manner'. The Lion of the Western Transvaal behaved like a lamb; and saying, 'Your Excellency has travelled in many lands and best knows the proper procedure', resumed his seat. However, nerves were strained and Kitchener suggested a short adjournment. I went for a walk with Smuts through the town. I had no idea Smuts was—Smuts. I knew he was a thrusting Boer General, that was all. In the course of conversation he said the British were too severe on their Generals and instanced Buller. I said no one could defend the tactics of Colenso. 'You know', he rejoined, 'why the Carthaginians lost the first Punic war?' When I heard a Boer talk like that a child might have knocked me down with a feather. 'No!' I replied. 'Because', he said, 'the Carthaginians crucified their Commander-in-Chief for losing a city and all their other Commanders lost their nerve, refused to take risks, and shut themselves up in their laagers'. Thus, in a phrase, did he hit off our actual weakness at the time. Too many of our senior officers were becoming shy, at what they hoped was the eleventh hour of the war, about risking their precious reputations. Another of the delegates was Hertzog. A few years ago I met him again at Mr. Winston Churchill's. We shook hands. He seemed to remember me, and we chatted about the Conference. Just before we went in to dinner, he said to me, 'By the way, there was an old General at that Conference called Ian Hamilton—is he dead?' To which I replied, 'Not yet!'

To the day of his death the thought lay heavily on the heart of Kitchener that he could have made this very same peace of

Vereeniging more than a year previously at Middleburg, had he only been able to persuade Chamberlain and Milner to be more forgiving. Kitchener did not understand the vindictive spirit. Had he been alive and in power at the time of the signing of the Versailles Treaty in 1919, he would have given the German delegates drinks and cigars and would have wound up the proceedings by an exchange of warm handshakes.

There is another special cause many of us have for lamenting the death of Kitchener. Had he lived, he would have done something about his old War veterans of South Africa. So many of them were killed in the Great War that only 30,000 out of 300,000 survive. But, it is only by the greatest efforts that we are able to save those of them who have no claim on the Poppy Day funds from their chief horror, the impending pauper's grave. The branches of the British Legion have been kind to individuals, but that is not quite the same. The veterans, who by their blood bought the gold of Johannesburg from the Boers and gave it to its present owners, are themselves left penniless, losing their jobs at sixty, and not getting the Old Age Pension till sixty-five.

But we have appealed to the present gold magnates and big storekeepers of Johannesburg who, out of their mountains of gold, have subscribed only thirty pieces for our 30,000 veterans.

GENERAL
SIR IAN HAMILTON



Hauling down the Transvaal flag at Johannesburg, 1902

Photo: Lionel James. From 'South Africa and the Transvaal War'

Private Flying Abroad

IT IS A PERFECTLY practical proposition for the private owner of an aeroplane nowadays to spend his week-end (by which I mean Saturday lunch time to Sunday evening) in Amsterdam,

Brussels or Paris. It won't take him longer to fly to these places than if he took a train from London to Leicester, to Birmingham or to Bristol.

If, in the summer time, when days are longer, you can leave your work on a Friday evening, so much the better; that means you can fly further afield—to Berlin, to Switzerland, or to the Riviera; and it is even possible, without undue exertion, to go as far as Warsaw or Milan for a week-end, and to have nearly twenty-four hours at your destination. In a short holiday of, say, ten days, a private owner can fly round any chosen part or country of Europe—such as Spain, the Balkans or Scandinavia—and find himself with plenty of time to visit all the cities and places of main interest. If you can get a two or three weeks' holiday, a tour can be made through Russia, Iraq, or Egypt, and on special occasions when you can squeeze in four weeks, India, East Africa or West Africa are all within your reach.

It is important, by the way, to remember the question of climate and to visit places when they are in the best mood, so to speak, to receive you. Morocco can be delightful in the spring but correspondingly disappointing in the heat of the summer.

All the tours I have mentioned are possible with light aeroplanes which have been on the English market for many years. People often tell you that the formalities to be complied with when flying abroad are excessive and unreasonable, but I'm afraid I can't agree. There are a few countries which insist on permits being obtained before you can visit them, but all the Western European countries, with the exception of Spain, are free and open to all flyers. Beyond this permit, which you can get from the Embassy or Consulate in London of the country concerned, the private flyer is asked to carry only three docu-

ments. First, a carnet, which gives full information about, and acts as a kind of passport for his machine and which removes all Customs difficulties, so far as the machine is concerned, when flying from country to country. Second, a log book, in which you enter the movements of the machine. Third, a passport and pilot's licence to identify the pilot.

I cannot see that any of these requirements are unreasonable or could be dispensed with; in any case, the formalities are no worse than when you take a car abroad, and thanks to the Royal Aero Club, they are easily complied with.

As a general principle conditions for flying abroad are good. The surfaces of aerodromes are not as good as in England, but their size, approaches and buildings are usually better. The surface problem is mainly due to climatic conditions which either prevent good grass growing, or any grass at all. Nearly all aerodromes have a restaurant on the ground or nearby, and hangar accommodation and service generally are good.

Charges are on the whole reasonable. Recently certain nations, at the instance of Italy, to whom much credit is due, announced that all private flyers would be allowed to use their aerodromes free of landing and housing charges. This is a generous gesture to the private flyer, and one he should not be slow to acknowledge. I hope it will result in increased air touring, for I am one of those who think that international travel by individuals has greater possibilities for creating international goodwill and understanding than any number of conferences of statesmen or the League of Nations.

W. D. MACPHERSON

The First Film of the Derby

THE DERBY of 1896 will ever be remembered as a 'Royal Derby', because it was the horse Persimmon that lifted the Blue Riband of the turf for his Royal master, the Prince of Wales. But it was a memorable occasion for another reason too. Through the clever and enthusiastic enterprise of Mr. R. W. Paul, the first moving picture film of the Derby was taken that year. He had already begun showing pictures nightly, under the title of the Animatograph, in March, 1896, at the Alhambra Music Hall in Leicester Square. Naturally he wanted to show his patrons all the latest pictures of popular events. So he decided to try to get a film of the Derby, knowing the overwhelming popularity of this great race, and the desire of many thousands to see the race run, who could not possibly be on the course.

So off he started with the camera and other apparatus, assisted by a clever expert photographer, Mr. Bert Acres. They tried to set up their instruments on the course at a convenient spot which would give them a clear and uninterrupted view of the

horses coming up the straight to the finish of the race. So they chose a site right opposite the Grand Stand, but they had reckoned without the inquisitiveness and horse play of the race-course crowd, who looked upon any such an event as a means to create amusement. After nearly having their camera wrecked, and suffering some rough treatment at the hands of the mob, Mr. Paul decided to enlist the aid of the police. Arrangements were hurriedly made, and a few officers were detailed off to see that Mr. Paul and his assistant were not molested by the crowd. Once again the camera was placed in position, and after a time of suspense spent in waiting for the Derby runners to appear, they were at last seen coming up the course. The camera was at once set in motion and the handle turned, to the delight of the crowd, whose remarks were not only witty, but also somewhat of a personal nature. Still, Mr. Paul got his negative all right, so he hastily packed his apparatus and made his way to the railway station to journey back to town and develop the film at his studio at Southgate, on the outskirts of the North of London.

No attempt was made to print and show the film the same night. The audience of those days was not so enthusiastic or so impatient as the present-day audience, and, of course, the methods of drying and dealing with the film had not reached the perfection of modern standards. The film was duly developed and a print made, which, although of a somewhat long shot in character, did show the race in progress, with Persimmon leading.

This film, which is still in an excellent state of preservation, also shows a very good view of the Grand Stand, and many striking examples of dress and fashions of the period. Perhaps most ludicrous of all, in comparison with the smartness of the present-day constabulary, is that all the policemen are wearing long beards, which, the powers that be considered, gave them a very authoritative appearance.

The film was shown the night after the Derby, at the Alhambra, where it was received with tremendous applause by the vast audience, many of whom had paid for admission simply to see this one item on the programme. The sporting papers of the time commented freely upon the wonderful film, and the *Sporting Life* told its readers: 'One could almost imagine whilst looking at the film that one could hear the crowd shouting "Persimmon! Persimmon!" and the strains of the band playing the National Anthem, so realistic and life-like did the film appear to the audience upon that occasion'.

WILL DAY

Nigerian Days

ENTERTAINING IN NIGERIA was rather exciting, as one never knew what might happen. On one occasion a distinguished guest to whom I presented a supposed whisky and soda nearly expired as my boy had filled the sparklet syphon with neat gin. On another, my cook got kerosene into the soup, chicken and even pudding. The worst disaster of all occurred during a storm, when a terrific wind nearly knocked the house down, and glasses, pictures, and tables went flying. My boy arrived in the midst of the ruin and announced with a beaming smile, 'Master, ye breeze come, me go shut windows'.

In summer it is very hot, but in winter the harmattan blows—a cold dusty wind from the Sahara that has almost the effect of a London fog. Sometimes one cannot see further than forty yards. At either time of the year, however, it is pleasant to sit out in the garden—in summer enjoying beneath the Southern Cross the comparative coolness after the heat of the day—and in winter warming oneself in front of a log fire. It was delightful, also, to climb up on to the flat roof of one of the houses and look over the great pink city with its square-towered mosques, typical architecture of the Sahara, and the decorated mud dwellings of the richer people.

All the Protectorate is not as pleasant as Kano, where I was a police commissioner. For instance, at Ibi on the Benue river the climate is exceedingly trying, and the Muslim culture of the North is lacking, as the people are all pagans. Some of them are head-hunters and nearly all of them carry bows and arrows and wear a quiver slung round them—it's about the only thing indeed they do wear. The arrows are poisoned with strephanthus, or puff adder venom, and death is almost certain to follow a wound. They are light-hearted people, these pagans, and one never quite knows whether from sheer joy of life they may not loose off an arrow.

There are many strange customs—the jukans, for instance, having a ruler they consider half god and half king. In the old days the heir used to kill him as soon as he became ill.



A section of the Derby film of 1896

Will Day

The majority of the people have a good sense of humour, though their best efforts are unconscious. Once I was heavily scored off. I had been out all day fishing and returned in the evening very crestfallen with two miserable little sun-dried fish. My orderly dressed in his best gown dropped to the ground in salutation, and said, 'Welcome to the great white chief who brings us meat'.

F. H. MELLOR

Captured by Pirates

IT WAS AFTERNOON AND we were on board the B. & S. boat *Team*. We had had a great send-off by the friends we were leaving in Hainan Island, upon being transferred to Hongkong. We did not know at the time that some forty Chinese pirates were already on board, disguised as passengers. The ship was due to sail at daybreak on the 28th, but while it was still dark we were awakened by armed men rushing into our cabin and demanding if we had any arms and ammunition. They searched hurriedly and then left us. The ship was slowly moving through the water, but the cries and confusion on the deck told us something was very wrong. One glance through our cabin door showed us a pirate armed to the teeth, and trying to look all ways at once, keeping guard over the saloon.

We saw the Indian guards disarmed and being marched into the saloon, and locked into the next cabin. Obviously the ship had been taken over—we wondered what casualties had occurred and if any of the British officers and the Captain in charge of her had been hurt. We guessed, and we were correct, that the captain on the bridge with a revolver to his head was steering a course for Bias Bay—that well-known pirate stronghold—and that the engineers were also in the same plight. During the morning we were introduced to the pirate chief, who informed us that should we signal a passing ship, or should help come, the pirates would fire the ship and shoot everyone on board,

including themselves. They had no chance of escape on the high seas.

We were searched twenty times the first morning, and my wedding ring was taken. I took it quickly off my finger when asked, remembering a doctor in Nanking who had his finger chopped off because his ring stuck. We were able to watch some twenty pirates dividing loot. Dollar notes, jewellery, fountain pens and clothes. They took off their rags and put on what they fancied of the stolen goods. One man wore a suit of women's silk underwear and the captain's hat. After lunch they lined up the Chinese passengers in the saloon and interrogated them regarding how much ransom their families could pay. Our great fear was that some ship passing by would try and come to our assistance. We knew the pirates couldn't hope to escape and would certainly set fire to the ship. In the afternoon a ship passed fairly close to us. A pirate opened our cabin door as we sat on our bunks, and pointed a gun at us. Would the ship suspect or not! She made no sign and soon was out of sight. We breathed again.

The next morning we reached Bias Bay. Captain Histed fooled the pirates when several miles from land by saying the distance to the shore was less than it really was, and it would run the ship aground to go any closer. As we rounded a headland we saw a man of war—H.M.S. *Somme*—anchored some miles away. Instantly all was confusion. The pirates decided to make a dash for the shore in the ship's boats, taking two British officers as hostages. They piled themselves and the loot and the captured Chinese passengers into the boats which were lowered, and rowed at terrific speed to the shore. At this moment a Customs cruiser came into sight and gave chase. The pirates, once on land, soon abandoned their captives and most of the loot and scattered in all directions to evade capture. The two officers were left on the beach, where they were rescued.

It was a dreadful strain for us all, and I will never forget the calmness and fortitude of the captain and officers.

MRS. POWYS DRUMMOND

'How the Listener Looks'

Our New Photographic Competition

THE FIRST OF OUR Photographic Competitions for 1935 is now open to readers. It is of an entirely different character from those of previous years, and it is based on the changing expressions of those who listen to broadcast programmes.

How do *you* look, and how do your friends and your family look, as you (or they) listen to a Parliamentary report, a broadcast play, a talk by Mr. Bernard Shaw, a Toscanini concert, or the racing results? Probably some listeners have a 'poker-face', which is unaffected by anything that they hear; but others vary their expression in accordance with the broadcast material.

On the opposite page you will see a series of psychological studies showing the reactions of a child listener to a story told in the Children's Hour. Our competition is a development of this idea, and competitors are asked to submit series of photographs (or a single photograph) showing 'how the listener looks' while a programme is being broadcast.

Intending competitors should note that they have complete freedom in choosing their subject. They can submit photographs of a single listener—man, woman or child—or of a group of any number of listeners. The listening reactions of a wireless discussion group, of a group of blind listeners or unemployed men and women, of a school or a picnic party are subjects which might be treated; and indoor or outdoor studies will be equally welcome. Any kind of programme may be chosen: among recent events the Jubilee broadcasts would have provided a number of excellent subjects, and a study of coming programmes should give listeners plenty of ideas for suitable series. How does the listener look? That is the psychological point at issue, and our readers should find it an entertaining and instructive question to answer.

The competition is in two parts:

I. We offer a

PRIZE OF FIFTEEN GUINEAS

for the best series of *not less than six photographs* showing the successive attitudes of a listener, or a group of listeners, while hearing a broadcast programme of any kind—humour, culture, religion, news, music, Children's Hour, running commentary,

outside broadcast or any other programme. The photographs, which may be of children or adults, must be a related series showing reactions to one particular programme.

II. We also offer a

PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS

for the best *single* picture showing the reactions of a listener or group of listeners to a broadcast programme. Here, again, both the programme and the listeners may be of any kind.

The award of these prizes will purchase the first British rights of reproduction of the photographs concerned.

Competitors must observe the following rules:

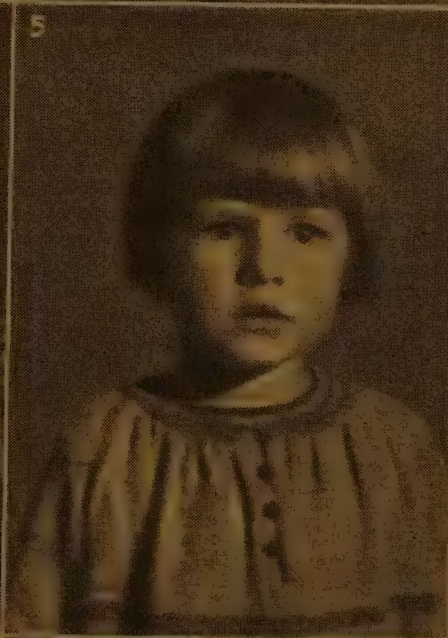
1. The competition will run from June 13 to July 8, inclusive.
2. Prints submitted must be *not less than 4½ inches by 6½ inches, and not more than 6½ inches by 8½ inches*. Competitors are asked to send prints unmounted, and to state the programme which was being heard.
3. The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the non-prize-winning photographs, which, if published, will be paid for at the following rates:
Two guineas for a series of not less than six photographs; or One guinea for a single photograph.
4. Each photograph must be marked clearly on the back with the name and address of the sender.
5. No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.
6. Photographic prints sent in will not be returned to the sender unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for photographs lost in transit.
7. The Editor's decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.
8. Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'LISTENER Photographic Competition', and must reach THE LISTENER office not later than July 8. The prize-winning photographs will appear in our issues of July 17 and 24.

Our second Competition for 1935 will be announced early in July.

Listen Children! Here is a Story!

THE STORY IN question was Grimms' fairytale of Snow-White and Rose-Red, and previous to its being told in the Scottish Children's Hour a simplified version was given to Winifred, aged three years and nine months. It was by no means a new story for her; the simplified version had settled down already

to a sequence of words which had to be strictly adhered to; deviation from it was strongly rejected. But as Winifred knew exactly what she had to expect her reaction to the story became even more intense. These reactions now were faithfully recorded, and this is how a very young listener listened.



Picture 1.—The announcement of the story which is going to be told produces a mingled expression of expectation, joy, and fear.

Picture 2.—The story begins. The reeling off of the time-hallowed sequence of words and sentences is recognised with great approval.

Picture 3.—Snow-White and Rose-Red in their mother's cottage, teasing, playing with, and riding on, the most perfect Teddy bear in history. There is nothing to be done for the listener but to enjoy the situation wholeheartedly.

Picture 4.—But this state of affairs is too good to last long. Things are looking very doubtful when the two girls

meet the dwarf for the first time in the woods. There are very good reasons for anxiety.

Picture 5.—When the girls meet the dwarf next time, fishing in the stream, it is quite clear that he is not only unpleasant but distinctly dangerous. Fear is set loose and takes away your breath.

Picture 6.—Horrid, oh, horrid. The dwarf offering the two little juicy girls to the big bear trotting from the woods forces Winifred to interrupt the story and to exclaim that this is nasty, very nasty, indeed.

Picture 7.—But it all ends in happiness. The bear becomes a prince again, and Snow-White and Rose-Red, their mother, and both the princes lived happily ever after in fairyland.



The Dominions and the Jubilee

An extract from the talk broadcast on June 6 by the Right Hon. J. A. Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia

I WELCOME this opportunity of saying something to listeners about Australia, because during recent weeks Australia has asserted, in very definite manner, her loyalty to the Throne and the Empire, and it has been my privilege to be her representative at the ceremonies connected with the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty the King. I have said before, and I do not think it can be repeated too often, that in loyalty to His Majesty Australia takes second place to no one—not even to the people of the British Isles.

Let me remind you of something that may be overlooked in Britain—that the people of the Commonwealth of Australia are ninety-eight per cent. of British stock. Australia being so British, do you, then, wonder that the traditions we have are your traditions? We have but a century and a half of history of our own; beyond that, the story of our people is the story of the British Isles, the cradle of our race.

Throughout our Australian history we have tried to translate into actions these sentiments of our national pride. We have striven ever to act honourably, according to the best traditions of the land from which our forebears came. At the time when Britain was threatened by war, voluntarily hundreds of thousands of our men came to her aid. In these precarious days of peace, it is no less our desire to work with her in harmony and understanding.

You will recall that when the first shocks of the economic crisis shook the world some years ago, Australia found herself particularly hard-hit by the fall in world prices. We took steps to cope with this disastrous position, and today we stand, with

Great Britain, as financially sound as any other country in the world.

We said that sacrifices would have to be made by everyone, that at all costs we should have to balance our public ledger. The people of Australia responded nobly, accepting increased taxation and reductions in salaries and wages, in pensions, in public and private interest rates.

For the last three years our Government's budgets have had slight surpluses. We have restored a great deal of the salary and pension reductions. We have seen the people's savings increase by millions, we have seen factories that were idle come back into activity, we have seen nearly half of our unemployed placed back in industry.

We believe that the time must come eventually when world prices for primary products will rise again, concurrently with a general return of world prosperity. When that time comes, then no country will be better fitted to take advantage of it than Australia, which, by receiving more money for her exports, will be able to buy more goods from Britain and other countries.

In this connection, may I say that for the last twenty-five years Australia has purchased an average annually of forty million pounds sterling worth of goods from the United Kingdom? She contributes heavily to the British national income in the form of interest to British investors, of dividends on British capital invested in Australian enterprises, and of shipping and other charges. The well-being of Australia is of prime importance to the people of Great Britain. The greater our purchasing power is, the better it will be for British industries, with their millions of employees.

Broadcast Drama

Hansom Cabs and Taxis

LAST WEEK FOR MANY hours I watched a high polish being put on the production of Schnitzler's 'Liebelei'. I like the gay sophistication of Schnitzler's plays. His world of yellow dragoons and boudoirs and intrigue is a thousand miles from English life, or modern life or real life anywhere. But it is a world, limited, artificial but perfectly in scale. Some of the plays I find too slight, a shade too trivial. But 'Liebelei' has feeling as well as gaiety. The young lover is killed in a duel by a jealous husband and Christine's tender heart is broken because she loved more truly than the game of intrigue allows.

How simple all this is! And yet how difficult to handle! Guns and storms and explosions and crowds mean a lot of work and skilful co-ordination with the actors. But because the effects are impressive they can be used comparatively broadly. Here everything is delicate: everything must be finished, polished, exact. The slightest jarring note will shatter the artificial perfection of the play. And, alas! even when everything is timed to a nicety, when every intonation carries the required shade of meaning and all is set to create the atmosphere of pre-War Vienna and youth and waltzes and spring and desperate love affairs which everyone knows will only last six months, there are still some notes which will certainly jar. For youthful English voices and the rhythms of Anglo-Saxon speech give the lie to the foreign background. What do they know of duels and 'demoniacal women'? Then there is the fatal business of translation. It allows the stilted 'What a good fellow you are' and 'Let me be' to exist beside the modern English slang of 'Isn't he priceless?' More important than these is another reason why plays of this kind are so difficult to broadcast successfully. On the stage they demand, since they are so slight, a highly skilled technique of acting. One of the devices is the contrasting use of voice and gesture. The character whose voice is saying one thing can allow himself to betray different feelings by his movements. This is impossible for wireless actors. The result is that the acting in a broadcast version cannot be as subtle as this kind of play really needs.

So although 'Liebelei' was produced with so fine an ear and although Miss Carol Goodner, Mr. John Cheatle, Miss Thea Holme and Mr. Glen Byam Shaw made so charmingly contrasted a quartette of lovers, the gay artificiality of the play

came over less successfully than the occasional moments of simple feeling—the old father regretting that he had safeguarded his sister from happiness, or Miss Thea Holme's fine outburst of passionate grief at the end.

* * * * *

In the 1905 Scrapbook broadcast last week there were many good moments, among them notably Mr. Seymour Hicks' practised skill. Mr. C. B. Fry's pleasant personality came over well, but I felt his matter might have been more exciting. And on the whole surely there was less dramatic reconstruction than there has been in other Scrapbooks? I felt I was being told about a number of things I would rather have heard for myself. But this resurrection of the past is a ticklish business. It is so much more exciting to hear the voices of the Great Ones than to have them reproduced on the gramophone or to hear their 'stuff' put over by modern actors. But is it fair to these legendary figures to expect them, after thirty years, to make an impression through an unaccustomed medium which will be in any way equal to their reputations? When these ghostly figures tell us that things are not what they were and that the great personalities have disappeared, and we have just heard a modern programme put over with pep and punch by experienced broadcasters, how can we help contrasting present achievements with past reputations and being a little unjust to the latter?

* * * * *

Early last week we were given 'Variety in a Taxi-Cab'. I liked the variety but disliked the cab. If good wine needs no bush, still less does good variety need any but the most inspired presentation. I champed with impatience while the taxi-man told us all about his unexpected luck in picking up artists to perform when all the while a list of their names stared at me from the *Radio Times*. I could have borne not hearing the Syncopated Songsters because I don't care for Syncopated Songsters as a species. But I could not bear to waste in unnecessary interludes time which might have been spent in hearing more of Mr. O'Neil's attractive singing or of Mr. Bonar Thompson's solemn advocacy not of a five-day week but a five-day week-end, and above all more of Mr. Claude Dampier's inspired fooling.

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE

The American Half-Hour

The Negro

Arranged by ALISTAIR COOKE

COOKE: We left Speaight, our Englishman, on his tour around the United States, at New Orleans, greatest of the southern ports. As his train turns away from the Mississippi he passes by fields a mile square that were once covered with pine forests, that were long ago cleared for the growing of cotton. If we stop by one of these clearings we shall see a negro and a mule. Here is a negro who might stand for many thousands of negroes in the south . . . the

negro at his humblest, easily content, poor, always at work. He and his mule stand one at each end of a rusty single furrow plough, dragging the length of the 100-acre clearing. It is the cotton cultivation of April and May. Most of the cotton growers are chocolate-coloured men and women in tattered blue overalls. The crop grows from knee to waist high during the next three months as a green shrub; and then if you go back in July you would think you had landed in a snowstorm, but a snowstorm in tropical heat. For the pods burst open, and out of them hang huge tufts of cloudy white foam like cotton wool. In August the cotton has to be picked, and the whole negro family turns out

—mother, father, daughters, sons, even small babies big enough to clutch at a sack. Up and down the long rows they go, the children chattering and gay to be away from school, for all the negro schools close in summer, and the men and women cram the cotton into sacks, and sing against the heat and the labour. Here is the negro voice with no drawing-room refinement—but with the better refinement of its own sounds, its own folk purity. We rarely hear a negro voice that has not lost its purity by improving its diction and taking on British consonants and vowels.

On the edge of the clearing is the negro's cabin. Go inside this bare unpainted shack, and you may find three rooms, most likely two. Here in the kitchen the negro and his family eat the meal that all cotton workers, black and white, eat. Fat back pork, the greasy lumps of the fattest pork they can buy, maize porridge bathed in molasses (what we call black treacle) and corn bread. One meal of this would put you and me in hospital. Three meals a day keep the negro at work. But his idea of a banquet is a chicken dinner.

There are almost no saloons in the south. But wherever there is a filling station—what we call a petrol pump—you will always find a few negroes standing around or bending over the sidewalk, what we call a pavement—shooting crap . . . what we don't call anything at all, because we don't play it. It's a game with dice that has given a special idiom to the American language. As Speaight walks along the street through Belzoni, Mississippi, he catches this fragment, a negro playing crap and talking to his dice.

BROWN: Eighty from the katy. Dis is my last jitney, baby, don't fool me . . . shoot eleven come seven, baby needs a pair of shoes.

Cooke: When he is not playing crap you will find him all through the week in and around the church, lolling about in tattered blue overalls and bare feet. On Sunday, though, with a temperature of a hundred and something he will come to church in his suit, put his heavy shining boots on at the church door, and go in to sit stewing on the wooden benches through the sermon. Here is no gentle persuasion, but fiery, lyrical sermons that stir and warn the negro to whom a slip may mean all the difference



At home in Georgia: several generations of negroes in front of the one-room shack which houses four families

between heaven and hell. The preacher comes down from his pulpit, strides and struts up and down the aisles between the wooden benches, whirls round the coal stove in the middle of the room: the sermon is perhaps called *The Black Diamond Express to Hell*, the train is stopping at stations like *Drunkardsville* and *Liarstown*—on this train, Pleasure is the Stoker, Sin the engineer, and the Devil is the conductor.

And now, Speaight is over the great bridge that spans the Mississippi, into Memphis, Tennessee. Here for the first time he meets the negro of the cities—listen to him talking with Mr. George William Brown, a graduate of Howard University, the foremost negro university, who is now doing research in economics.

SPEAIGHT: Mr. Brown, tell me this—how did the negroes first get into America?

BROWN: It's a long and an old story. Let's see, all right. . . . Muhammadans, stopping off at Africa, bought blacks very cheaply and then made great profits by selling them in their Eastern bazaars. When Europe first heard of the fabulous

wealth of the East, ships went off on the long voyage between India and China, France and England. They had to rest some place. So they rested up on the coast of Africa. There the ships took up workers, so there were in the end two sources for American immigration—Europe and Africa.

SPEAIGHT: How long ago is it since the first negroes came into America?

BROWN: In 1619, one year before the Pilgrim Fathers, there were nineteen of them brought into slavery to work the cotton crop. And do you know what the name of the ship that brought them here was?

SPEAIGHT: No.

BROWN: It was called the *Jesus of Lubeck*.

SPEAIGHT: And now how many negroes are there?

BROWN: Between twelve and fifteen million negroes in the United States at the present time.

SPEAIGHT: Do you find in moving about the country that one part gives negroes more equality than another? Where is there no discrimination against them?

BROWN: Actually there is no part of America where a negro may not suffer economic indignity on account of his colour. But in the north and the west there is very little discrimination



A crap game on Beale Street, Memphis

Alistair Cooke



In Chapel

From 'Roll Jordan Roll', by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ullman (Cape)

against a negro. He has the same chance of employment and education as the white man.

SPEAIGHT: Well, surely, as long as slavery lasted he didn't have the chance of a school and a university?

BROWN: He did not. The first 200 years of the negro's life in the United States there were probably only five educated negroes—when civil war was over the ingenious Yankee general who led the Union forces in the south realised several important things . . . first, that the freed men would remain in the south (the negroes of the northern army); and that citizenship should be based on personal intelligence and the integrity to sustain a democracy.

SPEAIGHT: A democracy?

BROWN: All right, it was then. Today it's a money oligarchy. Well, General Armstrong was that general, and he founded

Hampton. And when Robert Gould Shaw fell on the battlefields of Raleigh, a college sprang up there to mark the affection between him and his black soldiers—his regiment was solid black.

SPEAIGHT: And your negro university of Howard?

BROWN: That was founded by Brig.-General O. O. Howard in the north in—as you know—Washington, D.C. He did the opposite of Armstrong. . . . when the Southern troops had marched as far as Gettysburg before the final defeat, he knew that the black troops would be left there stranded when the war was over. And he formed a bureau—the Freedman's Bureau, where whites and blacks could be schooled together. That was sixty years ago. Now Howard has almost entirely negro student body and a negro faculty. You will see all the colours of America in the Memorial Chapel there—tall black boys from the cotton fields of Georgia, creamy pink girls from New York and New Orleans . . . master artists from this town, Memphis, fine track men from the west, and in the debating halls you will hear coloured freshmen making the walls ring in their attempts to imitate the oratory of Roscoe Conkling Simmons.

COOKE: Mention of Simmons inevitably recalls the great advocates of the negro race whose names will live as long as Memphis stands. Speaight is walking now, a little timidly, along the most traditional negro street in the United States, Beale Street, Memphis, the emotional Main Street of the North American negro. Along Beale Street have gone negroes with a price on their heads, the great negro preacher who always began his sermons with 'Oh, Lawd, Oh Boss Man'; chocolate beauties with sad histories, Simmons the negro orator, and one small, quiet man named W. C. Handy. He it was who heard hummed in the streets and clattered on pianos in Beale Street billiard rooms, all sorts of variations on a simple twelve-bar harmony. He heard melodies that nobody had ever written down, melodies whose words were the immediate invention of the negroes who came into Beale Street. This man, Handy, wrote down those tunes. And if James Weldon Johnson is the negro's Shakespeare, Handy is the negro's Schubert. These were the tunes that a million people sang; the words were not written for a Broadway musical comedy. They were words about negro streets, negro work on the railroads, and negro pleasures.

Of all the great men who walked along Beale Street two of the most distinguished were Roscoe Conkling Simmons, the orator, and George Washington Lee, the writer. The Memphis papers are proudly full of one big news item. One afternoon this year there will step up before an orchestra in the Metropolitan Opera House, not the familiar figure of Toscanini, but a robust, well-poised man with a finely modelled face and

delicate fingers . . . and before him is an orchestra . . . of negroes. It is the Duke. To Britishers the mould over 'the Prince' means the Prince of Wales. To Americans 'the Duke' can mean only one man in the world—Edward Kennedy Ellington.

Jazz means different things to different people. To some it means cocktails and night-clubs; to others it means any music that's loud and badly played. But true jazz is neither crooning nor Gershwin's concert hall syncopation . . . it is nothing a white man plays. It is the stuff the negro plays and sings. It is based on melodies from his own music, on simple nostalgic or bitter tunes, tunes which the negro delights to develop, to play around with, to toss in the air and catch. It is not an orchestrated thing. The best jazz is spontaneous solos grounded on a solid, simple rhythm, played for the fun of the band itself. On Saturday nights negroes will get together and have what they call 'a jam session', when they can play the simple and the mad things they like; when corn whisky will help them play cadenzas they will never play again; when the leader will coax and praise his soloists as they play.

Ellington bears as much relation to a New York or London dance band as Beethoven

has ever had, in American history, a naval detachment under his orders. When his time for promotion came, he had been through three revolutions and an outbreak of bubonic plague. Secretary of State Bryan hemmed and hawed . . . he made it clear that a negro was honoured to hold any position in the U.S. navy. The next morning Johnson quietly sent in his resignation. He turned to writing and for the first time a negro wrote about a negro as a human being, and not as a half-crazed, half-comic creature with a nice singing voice.



—and at work in the cotton fields of Georgia



The American negro in two different roles: at a dentistry class in Howard University—

bears to the 'Alice, where art thou'. For one thing, Ellington still has a great distaste for composing to words. He prefers his compositions to have a complete negro pattern in the music itself without any frivolous words to distract them. In the town on Sunday they hear another and a very different sermon from that of the cotton fields. It is one of seven negro sermons by the most famous negro poet, and some people say, the most distinguished negro alive today . . . James Weldon Johnson. He was born in Florida in 1871. When there were not more than two or three negro high schools in the entire south, he became the principal of one. With the whole town of Jacksonville out to see the fun, he was the first negro to be admitted to the Florida bar. Overnight he turned to song writing and by 1906 was the leading composer of popular music in America. The same year he turned about again and was United States Consul in Venezuela. He is the only negro who

Johnson went on to prepare an anthology of negro poetry; wrote a history of the negro in New York City; an English text for a Spanish opera. This century he has given himself to the fight for negro equality; he made a survey of Haiti and more than any other man persuaded Washington to modify its policy there. He tirelessly fought the Ku Klux Klan, he brought about the rulings that cities may not legally divide their residential districts under a colour bar, that a trial by mob spirit is illegal, that negroes may vote in Texas first elections. Today, at sixty-four, he is a Professor of Creative Literature at Fisk University.

It is an excellent thing that Mr. Charles Bradley Ford should, in *The Parish Churches of England* (Batsford, 7s. 6d.), have revised and extended Dr. Charles Cox's *English Parish Church* instead of composing an entirely original work, for Dr. Cox's famous book, which has been out of print for several years, contains much that deserves to reach a wider circle of readers. Mr. Ford's book covers the interior as well as the exterior of the English parish church, and, in one of the new chapters, that on 'Local Varieties in Design', he has been able to draw on Dr. Cox's own notes on the subject. As Dr. Inge says in a characteristic introduction, 'there are beautiful, quaint, sometimes grand, churches everywhere' in England, and this book will help the motorist or wayfarer to find the buildings which have the greatest architectural value. But quite apart from its value as a guide-book, there is much that will help the layman to obtain a thorough working knowledge of English ecclesiastical architecture, and the 148 illustrations provide an excellent panorama of English parish churches.

Character and Circumstance

(Continued from page 988)

opportunities for the display of rational purpose. It is possible to act disinterestedly, on a cool dispassionate judgment of what we ought to do; just as in knowledge the scientist or the historian can free himself from personal bias and judge impersonally, in the light not of what he wants to think but of what he knows is true. Such impartial judgment, in matters of moral duty, implies the regulation of impulses by reason. This is what Plato meant in his *Republic* and Butler in his *Sermons* when they spoke of reason as the rightful sovereign over the desires in the economy or constitution of the soul.

The Opportunity of Circumstances

Now, if all this is so, a man's moral action must be determined by his character and motives in a way very different from the determination of the movements of a body by physical forces. We are far too ready to think of the moral life in physical terms. We are apt to think of ourselves as the slaves of given circumstances, favourable or unfavourable, to which we have to adjust our lives. We are born, as we say, with certain physical and intellectual capacities, in a given land and climate, into a given social station; so that as we grow up our characters are shaped by conditions not of our own choosing, independently of our will. There is, of course, a certain truth in this. It is a fact that circumstances are initially given to us from without; they are largely not of our own making, and even when we are able to select them, the choice is among limited alternatives offered to us by the world in which we live. But these circumstances are not fixed and unalterable. They are materials for our use, given us as opportunities for the display of our free action. How we use them rests with ourselves. A man finds himself ruined in fortune through no fault of his own, or blinded by an accidental gunshot; and we say, naturally enough, that he is the victim of untoward circumstance. Many a man would succumb to such misfortune and 'go under', or, at best, endure his fate with hopeless resignation. But is this necessarily so? Suppose him to have been living a life of indolence, and to be stirred by his misfortune to overcome the obstacles and to fashion a life of service to others. These things are possible: a generation or so ago, a blind man, Henry Fawcett, rose to be a Cabinet Minister and one of the most eminent economists of his time. It depends on a man's character how far such 'circumstances', as we call them, are really unfavourable or the reverse. Do not misunderstand me: I am not indulging in crude optimism—the most heartless and futile of illusions—which shuts its eyes to hard facts of experience and fancies life to be smooth and easy for whoever likes to think it so. What I mean is rather that there is no circumstance that is merely such, that cannot be made an occasion for the exercise of character. It is not the outward action that counts morally, but the inward act of will; the most disabling circumstances that may be met with a strength of purpose, invisible to the eyes of any spectator, by virtue of which the man is truly master of his fate.

Character and Circumstance thus mutually condition one another. Circumstances are always circumstances for an individual person; what is a circumstance for one man is for another a mere event, lying outside the horizon of his thought and conduct; it is not a circumstance for him at all. The world for each of us is the scene of our interests and activities. We may say that the more circumstances we have, the richer our lives. A man's character is never passively receptive; its response to the changing play of circumstance is never blind and purposeless, but—at all events, in moral action—is directed to the realisation of an ideal.

Two Forms of Moral Action

Moral action, as guided by consciousness of an ideal, may take either of two forms: the will to do our duty, or the will to realise the good. There are those for whom the moral life is one of painful conflict against natural passions; there are others who are drawn by spontaneous aspiration towards ideal good, without effort or consciousness of obligation. As Wordsworth wrote in his 'Ode to Duty', 'glad hearts, without reproach or blot, who do thy work'—the work of Duty—'but know it not'. I suppose that both these forms are present to

some extent in all of us. The former best exemplifies what we mean by morality; the latter points rather beyond morality towards religion. But in both alike the ideal is not only present as the principle in each particular action, but also serves as a guiding purpose for a man's whole life. This vision of the ideal, whether thought of as the moral law or The Good, is not dependent on the measure of man's intellectual attainments, but on the measure of his fidelity in conduct. This is why the way of moral goodness lies open to the unlearned as much as, and even more than, to the philosopher. Philosophy cannot, any more than science, tell us what our special duties are. That is what each individual must determine for himself, on his own responsibility. Moral responsibility would vanish, if particular obligations could be referred to philosophical experts for decision; and morality would vanish with it. It is not the business of a moral philosopher to advise people as to what they ought to do.

Does it, then, follow that there is no absolute standard, that men's moral ideals are relative to their changing interests and circumstances? We must distinguish between duty and goodness as ideals and men's variable beliefs about their nature. Beliefs about duty and goodness vary, alike in the history of the race and in the lifetime of the individual. But this is no ground for being sceptical about morality. The changing beliefs imply the reality of an ideal which is absolute and unchanging. It is just the same as with knowledge. No one is driven to scepticism in history or science by the fact that opinions in these matters vary, even among experts, and that the beliefs of past ages about the origins of our race or the planetary system seem childish and crude when compared with what is known today. A thousand years hence men may smile at the views of our leading historians and scientists in the light of the fuller knowledge that will then have been achieved. No human mind can grasp the complete and final truth on these matters. Yet no one doubts that there is a complete and final truth, which is the goal of intellectual endeavour. Men advance towards it, just as the seeker after goodness advances towards the ideal good. It is not the ideal that changes, but our growing insight into its nature. Were the ideal a fiction, the effort and progress would be inexplicable.

There is, however, one question, bearing on the application of ethics to life, on which I should like to say a word before I close. It is natural, when we survey the complex world surrounding us and realise how indifferent is the course of nature to our personal interests and desires, to ask, what is the meaning of it all? What are we here for? It is a question to be asked and answered with becoming modesty.

Intelligible Meaning in the Universe

For our powers of reason are limited, and we know little either of ourselves or of the world. Yet all our efforts are inspired by the faith that the universe is not the product of chance, but has intelligible meaning. This faith springs from reason and is the motive principle of all intellectual and moral endeavour. No thinking mind, least of all the philosopher's, can rest in the belief that the world is irrational. We cannot read the purpose of the whole; but we can mark its fragments, especially in what directly concerns ourselves. Thus we are right to ask these questions about our own place in the universal scheme.

I have only two things to say on this matter. The first is negative; when we compare our capacities with the known order of things around us, it is clear that, if there be any purpose in life, it is not that we may secure our present happiness. Both our own natures and the nature of the world are ill adapted for such an end. We, on our part, are unable, with all the power of reason, to foresee, save within very narrow limits, wherein our happiness consists; it comes to us, for the most part, by the way, in a very incalculable fashion and in circumstances where we would least expect to find it. The world, again, is largely adverse to our personal desires, which can only be satisfied, if at all, at a heavy cost of suffering and effort. Now I ask this question: would we have it otherwise? Even at the worst, it is surely better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Man does not naturally make happiness his

goal; rather, from his earliest childhood, he craves for occupation, for something to do; the cry of the young, it has been said, is not for pleasures but for burdens. Men will gladly risk discomfort, or even death, if only they can find scope for their activities. So my second and more positive remark is that if we are in search of a meaning and purpose in man's life, we shall find it, if anywhere, by thinking of our duty. If the world be viewed as a training ground for moral character, the sting is drawn from many of our worst perplexities. For character can only be fashioned amid obstacles and temptations; and the freedom essential to the making of it is also the freedom by which it can be marred.

It may still be asked: are not the obstacles and the temptations insuperable by human effort, save for a few spoilt children of fortune? I answer that this would indeed be so if the individual stood alone in his own strength. But he does not stand alone: he is born and nurtured a social being in intercourse with his fellow-men, whose interests may, and often do, clash with his own, but who are able to understand his purposes and co-operate with them in social action. This will be the subject of my talk next week. I shall show that the moral life is largely a social life, and that moral duties are for the most part duties to society. Only in company with his fellows does man confront the world.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

British Interests in the Far East

The talk on the above subject by Sir Frederick Whyte published in THE LISTENER of May 29 should be seriously considered by all interested in maintaining friendly relations with, and our rightful share of, the trade with China. The appointment of an Ambassador to China was long overdue, and the next wise move of the British Government should be the transfer of the Legation to the present capital of China, Nanking. The Shanghai friend of Sir Frederick Whyte supports the arguments made by many for the removal of the Legation from Peking. As he said, 'the Japanese are there in force', and the representatives of several other nations are either in Nanking or at Shanghai.

To those Britishers mentioned by Sir Frederick Whyte whose influence and service are 'on the pages of Chinese history', a long list of others might be added of those who have been pioneers in the cementing of cultural and friendly relations as well as developing trade between the two countries. It ought not to be forgotten that the British have been the pioneers in the introduction of cement works, dockyards, engineering and shipbuilding, electric light works, ice and cold storage factories, iron and steel works, leather factories, tanneries, flour mills, railways, sugar refineries, tramways, water works and many other industries not a few of which are now either owned or managed by Chinese.

It may be that the day when Britain was top dog in the Far East has passed; but with the ability, endurance and perseverance with which the British trading community in China have conducted their operations in the past, there is no reason why they should not have an equal share of the trade in the future. They are deserving of all the help the Government can render them, and it is encouraging to learn that 'the British Government is showing itself alive to what is going on' where there are illimitable commercial possibilities. A Shanghai merchant writing in 1871 said: 'There is a great future of prosperity before the Chinese people; a prosperity in which Western nations, if they are wise in their generation, must participate'. The best way to do that in these days is for foreigners to co-operate with the Chinese on the lines of the Kailan Mining Administration.

Saltdean

J. P. DONOVAN

A Layman Seeks Enlightenment

I read and appreciate the religious and theological articles in THE LISTENER with great interest. And yet I am puzzled. Father Martindale believes in Hell and the Rev. Hugh Martin does not. The Rev. Hugh Martin believes in contraception and Father Martindale does not. As a Christian myself I turn to such as these gentlemen for guidance, for they have obviously devoted their lives to the study of theology and are, no doubt, men of prayer who, by their greater devotion to spiritual matters, should know more of Divine Truth than busy people like myself. I should be grateful, therefore, if Father Martindale or the Rev. Hugh Martin or some other expert who contributes to your pages could enlighten me respecting the following points:

(1) How is an amateur enquirer to decide for or against Hell and Birth Control from a Christian standpoint, seeing that religious authorities differ so much? (2) If belief in Hell or Birth Control is not explicit in the Scriptures or the teaching

of Our Lord, must we assume that those beliefs are assumptions or deductions dependent on the reflection of theologians? (3) Are not theologians themselves fallible creatures affected considerably by their personal circumstances, temperament, and prejudices, and thereby liable to interpret Christianity according to their disposition? (4) Why have the accredited exponents of Christianity, whose task it is to understand the Will of God, so often been blind, while agnostics, heretics or uncultured laity have had vision and enlightenment? (e.g., the Tolpuddle Martyrs received no blessing from the Churches though the State that condemned them did; Robert Owen pioneered in factory legislation, socialism, trade unionism and elementary education almost in solitude; the pious wisdom of great theologians never questioned the reality of eternal Hell until comparatively recently; Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant preceded the Rev. Hugh Martin in their advocacy of contraception.) (5) If disbelief in Hell and belief in Birth Control can now be accepted by Christians, may it not be that other convictions at present held firmly by Christian authorities may gradually dissolve during this century even as the belief in Hell and disbelief in Birth Control has dissolved during the past century?

It would be a great help to many of your readers, I am sure, if these points could be dealt with, for when the experts differ, both through the centuries and today, what is a poor amateur to do?

Walthamstow

REGINALD SORENSON

Salvation Outside the Church

I feel that Mr. E. E. West over-simplifies the problem of salvation outside the Church in his letter in THE LISTENER of May 29, for in part his argument cuts both ways. Christ did, it is true, say 'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother . . .'; but—what Mr. West neglects to mention—He also founded a Church: which presumably if He was divine implies that part of the will of God is that a man should join that Church; the more so as elsewhere He said, and repeated with emphasis, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you', and later at the Last Supper instituted the Eucharist. And this interpretation is further confirmed by His attitude to the religious authorities of His time: 'The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do, but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not'; and 'Ye [Scribes and Pharisees] pay tithe of mint . . . and have omitted the weightier matters of the Law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone'; and again by the insistence of the Christ-guarded Apostles on the holding of the oral tradition (II Thessalonians, ii, 15) and the expulsion of the heretic (II Thessalonians, iii, etc.).

Littlehampton

K. G. COLLIER

Having read with interest this discussion, I ask permission to suggest that a good deal of it is based on a simple logical fallacy. The Roman Catholic Church is committed to the maxim, 'Outside the Church there is no salvation' (*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*). In practice, however (by theories of 'the soul of the Church', and so on), the maxim is so explained away as to be little more than meaningless. For example, in its July, 1934,

issue, the Roehampton Jesuit monthly, *Stella Maris*, said: 'We cannot say with absolute certainty whether there is a single human soul in Hell'. Yet the immense majority of the race always has been *extra ecclesiam*!

The logical fallacy is that of taking a part for the whole. No religious or other institution can represent adequately the whole spiritual experience of the race. Attempts to do so—or to claim exclusive possession of the key to that experience—break down at once, and have to be explained away. The '*nulla salus*' maxim is a logical 'nullity'.

Highbury

J. W. POYNTER

Modern Poetry

A possibility overlooked by your correspondents in their attempt to account for the common man's inability to have heard the name even of any poem written by Mr. Day Lewis' young communist camaraderie-fraternity, despite their strategic position and every attempt to give them prominence, is simply lack of inspiration. Every artistic movement that overlooks the fact that art is primarily a matter of capturing physical relations, aural or visual, and can therefore only incidentally serve socio-political and moral reformist aims, is destined to go the way of all artistic -isms down the sink of Time, leaving but an edifice of insubstantial suds behind. 'Perhaps they never allow themselves to be carried away', muses Mr. Gardiner. Perhaps they are sitting in the buggy (or should it be hearse?) gazing desperately but not inarticulately at empty shafts. Art thou there, Roy Campbell?

Parkstone

GEORGE RICHARDS

Mr. Rolf Gardiner, in his letter on 'Modern Poetry', in *THE LISTENER* of May 22, notes that the work of Spender, Auden, Day Lewis, etc., rarely or never evokes the 'authentic thrill' given us by great poets of the past; he speaks also of the absence, in most contemporary verse, of unforced lyric power. 'These poets', he says, 'are intellectually deliberate . . . They make poetry, they do not sing'. Now, Hilaire Belloc (himself one of our finest lyrical poets) bears witness to the necessity—in any poetry worthy of the name—of this musical or singing quality. In his newly-published work on Milton, he writes: 'It is folly, indeed to belittle sound in verse. . . Good verse is a music . . . always if it is to be poetry, and when the music fails the poetry fails with it'.

Surely, *form* is part of the content of a poem. Cut up the *Odyssey* into the now-fashionable short and shapeless lines—and where will be its 'surge and thunder'? Gone utterly. Do the same with Keats' *Nightingale* ode, and you will destroy every atom of its charm. It is form that gives a poem its unity. Another quotation—this time from Goodhart-Rendel's *Fine Art*: 'About the form of a masterpiece there can be no mistake: interaction between its shape and material will be so intimate and complete that upon the perception of any of its parts perception of the whole will naturally follow'.

Bloxham

MARY BARNE

Teaching Men to be Free

Few educationists will disagree with the bulk of what Lord Eustace Percy says on 'Teaching Men to be Free', but the roots of the problem are deeper. If we take an objective view of 'freedom' and say that people are free when they appear to be sensible, fairly healthy and cheerful, reasonably competent in the affairs of life, having a fair measure of self-respect, able to co-operate with their fellows but resistant to attempts to 'put upon' them in action or opinion, we find that the possibilities of education are considerably limited by the pupils' type of mind, so that while these qualities appear in a favourable environment, many people cease to show them in an unfavourable one. The three types of mind (independent, leader, subservient) seem marked at quite as early an age as seven. The teacher's job, from Lord E. Percy's standpoint, is to strengthen the weak points in each. For this end school curricula are important but only in a secondary degree. The conditions and environment required seem to me to be these: plenty of first-class food, plenty of sleep, plenty of varied exercise, a good deal of free time with enough supervision to prevent some pupils bullying others, a simple discipline as free from arbitrary injunctions and prohibitions as possible (i.e., it should be self-evidently necessary), the minimum use of 'good' and 'bad' as terms of moral judgment, an expressed attitude of the teacher that the pupils are as worthy of respect as he or she is—that his principal advantage is greater experience, a

feeling that the school exists for the pupils and not the pupils for the school, some choice of subjects by the pupils, no harrying of pupils over subjects they actively dislike or have small capacity for, encouragement to rely on themselves but also to ask for help from other people and from books, the frequent suggestion that after all most jobs are as necessary in the world as one another and therefore as worthy, and the insistence that some people are by nature more able in various ways than others and therefore no more meritorious. In practice this policy produces excellent results.

Sheringham

HILDERIC COUSENS

Epstein Embroilment

There is one aspect of the present Epstein controversy that has been overlooked. The Rhodesian Government was in the market for a convenient building in the Strand, not for first-rate sculpture. The B.M.A. possessed a building in the Strand, plus some first-rate sculpture. The incredible thing is that the B.M.A. sold off the building with the sculpture thrown in like a lot of old junk that they cared nothing about.

Because the statues were originally designed in conjunction with the building, there has been a tendency to assume that the architecture and the sculpture are of equal artistic value. This is false. For who will affirm that, if the statues are removed, the building itself has the slightest claim to be scheduled for permanent preservation as a work of art?

The B.M.A. were, morally, trustees to the nation for these statues. The Rhodesian Government did not, quite understandably, want them. Surely then the B.M.A. should have retained possession of the statues, with a view to their eventual resetting on some new building in connection with the medical profession that would give them an appropriate background. But the B.M.A. apparently cared so little about them that they were thrown in with the stair-rods and other sundry fittings.

London, S.W.1

W. W. Z.

Race Problem in America

It is rather unfortunate that Mr. C. R. Spencer, in the discussion on 'Education on Two Sides of the Atlantic' (*THE LISTENER*, page 926), should remark: 'After all, if we had had to work and play every day with Italians, Negroes, Chinese, Polish Jews and Pennsylvanian Quakers, with perhaps an Indian or two, we should have lost a lot of race prejudice by the time we left school'. While not claiming any superiority for Britain in respect of race prejudice—the incident of a famous coloured artist being requested to remove himself from one of our hotels being still fresh in my mind—and admitting no first-hand information, this is surely, in its implication of racial equality, a serious misstatement of facts. I have no doubt that Mr. Spencer merely intended to pillory our well-known national characteristic of regarding the foreigner as a peculiar chap, but his comparison loses its cogency when based on an implication which is manifestly false. There seems to be plenty of evidence that the United States is one of the countries of the world which has a particularly difficult colour problem with which to grapple. With regard to this, it is interesting to note that the same issue of *THE LISTENER*, contains the statement, by Mr. H. A. Mess (page 915), that 'sometimes public opinion is dominated by a strong sentiment. As illustration may be given the attitude of the whites to the negroes in some American States'. It would interest me to know how much the colour problem was evident to Mr. Spencer in spite of the fusion of ideals which he found to exist among the variety of races which comprise the American nation.

High Wycombe

S. MORGAN

A Misquotation

I am sorry (and surprised) to see, on page 785 of *THE LISTENER*, a misquotation of the well-known lines:

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

To render these, as you do—

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still

—and to describe them, all anonymously, as 'the old rhyme', comes perilously near to being unpardonable. As every school-boy knows, the lines are from (or in) Butler's '*Hudibras*'. Your author's version is scarcely complimentary to their author.

London, S.W.9

S. NASH

Gardening

Flower Seeds To Sow Now

By R. HAY

I SUPPOSE there is no need for me to say much about the actual operation of sowing flower seeds, except that the seed bed should be quite firm and not allowed to become parched and dry as so often happens at this time of year. The most popular spring bedding plant must surely be the wallflower, and the varieties are so well-known that I will only mention a few which are outstanding. The first is Golden Bedder, which is one of the largest flowered wallflowers on the market and is pure gold in colour. Then for those who like a very pale shade of yellow there is Primrose Queen; this variety has one very great point in its favour as it is the first wallflower to come into bloom, usually opening about the end of March. Many people are still fond of the old-fashioned Blood Red, although many of the newer varieties are much larger flowered, and it is a matter of individual preference whether you grow this variety or, say, Vulcan; but for a really bright red wallflower the most effective shade for massing is Fire King.

There is another very early flowering little plant which can be described as a first cousin to a wallflower; it is *Erysimum* Tom Thumb Golden Gem, and its bright golden yellow flowers look very cheerful in the garden in the early days of April. And the last of the real spring flowers to bloom is that other wallflower-like plant *cheiranthus allionii*, which doesn't make its appearance until May. Everybody knows its glowing orange flowers, and it is really very useful to prolong the show of early flowers. For planting with wallflowers or under tulips we can use some of the varieties of forgetmenots or *myosotis*. For bedding out either as a whole bed or as a carpet for taller plants or as an edging to a border, I would recommend you to grow the variety called Blue Ball, and I am sure you will not be disappointed.

There are fashions in flowers just as there are in hats or fancy waistcoats, and half a century ago the sweet williams were much more in evidence than they are today, as many different varieties were cultivated from cuttings. Nowadays we usually grow sweet williams from seed and among the best kinds are Pink Beauty, Scarlet Beauty and the Auricula Eyed mixture, and you should grow a plant or two of the old-fashioned variety Harlequin. The flower heads of this variety are rather quaint, as they have a petal here and there of a different colour which makes them look as if they had been sprinkled all over with confetti.

Other good early spring flowers are the large flowered daisies, or more correctly, *bellis perennis*; the variety *monstrosa* is the largest and can be counted upon to give a good show. Then if you have never grown any of the early sorts of silene, I think you will be pleased with *silene pendula* (peach blossom) or the white one, Snow King.

And now let us consider the real perennials of which most people usually buy small plants as named varieties. I think it is much more exciting to grow some seedlings for yourself of such plants as lupins and delphiniums and gaillardias. If any of my listeners have ever collected postage stamps they will know the thrill of finding a very rare specimen in a packet of assorted stamps; well, you will get much the same thrill when you sow a packet of some of these perennials and find a seedling of some unique shade or with a flower of unheard-of size. Of course, it is essential to obtain as good quality seeds of these perennials as you can afford, otherwise you may be disappointed with the results. Any good mixture of lupins such as Harkness Hybrids should give you a wide range of shades, and the best variety of gaillardia is 'Dazzler'. Not many people realise how true hollyhocks come from seed—even the double varieties very seldom vary in colour. There is another great advantage about growing your own hollyhocks—it is that seedling plants are not so easily affected by the hollyhock rust as those produced by dividing large clumps or by cuttings. So if you like hollyhocks, try a packet of Chater's Double Mixed or some of the very large-flowered single variety Allegheny Mammoth.

Another very useful perennial which is easily grown from seed is the geum. Most people must know geum, Mrs. Bradshaw and Lady Stratheden, and there is now a third variety which promises to become as popular as these two old favourites. It is called Prince of Orange, and is a glowing orange flame colour; another point about it is that it flowers in the early days of May at least a month before Mrs. Bradshaw. Oriental poppies, too, should be sown now, and there again, if you buy a packet of really good mixture I think you will be delighted with the range of beautiful shades that you can obtain for the outlay of a few pence; and speaking of poppies brings me to another section of plants which should be sown soon—that is, those annuals which give their best when treated as biennials and are shown now for flowering next year; Iceland poppies, for instance, make much finer plants when treated in this way; a good mixture of shades to grow is the Coonare Hybrids, or if you prefer a self colour, try Tangerine, which is very large flowered indeed. Another plant which amply repays the trouble taken when treated as a biennial is the cornflower; these make plants three or four feet high when sown now and transplanted in the autumn.

And now I would like to suggest a little experiment for people who live in the South of England and who have a fairly warm and sheltered garden. Try a packet of the new Hybrid Brompton stocks. They are known as the Harbinger type and can be obtained in separate colours or as a mixture. Sow the seeds in a frame at the end of July and plant them out when they are big enough, say, at the beginning of September; if you have the right conditions in your garden you will have a wonderful show of stocks next May which will be the envy of all the neighbours.

There are several flowers which, besides being beautiful in themselves, are sweetly scented, such as the tree lupins, *lupinus arboreus*, but you must give these plenty of room. Then, of course, the carnations and pinks are easily grown from seed. The greatest difficulty with carnations is to decide which varieties to grow: for a thoroughly reliable, medium-priced mixture of carnations I should recommend the Margarine Malmaison Strain, which produces practically all double flowers and can be obtained in separate colours or in a mixture of many shades. Seed of *dianthus allwoodii* is sold by most firms now and a wide range of beautiful shades can be had; the flowers are mostly semi-double and single, but they are so free-flowering that they are ideal as a dwarf border plant. The sweet rocket should find a place in every garden for its lovely perfume. Sweet rocket is sold in two colours, white and purple, but don't buy the purple rocket; instead get a few seeds of purple honesty which is very similar in the flower to rocket but has the advantage of producing those silvery seed pods which are so useful for winter decoration. There is one hint, however, which I ought to give you regarding honesty—it does not like to be transplanted, so make a few holes about nine inches apart where you want it to flower, and put three seeds in each hole. You can thin them out afterwards if all the seeds grow.

There must be many amateurs who would like to grow one or two of the out of the way things which for some reason are not so widely grown as they should be. So, if you like to have something in your garden which is a little uncommon, get a packet of *ænothera macrocarpa*; this is a dwarf growing evening primrose which does not close its flowers during the daytime—its colour is rich yellow. Then there is a wonderful blue flower like a campanula with rather a fearsome name; it is *platycodon grandiflorum*. And if you have room for a clump or two of the double gypsophila Snow White it will add greatly to the charm of your garden. These are three plants which you need not be afraid of becoming too much attached to, as once they are established they will flourish in your garden almost indefinitely; in fact I know some plants of each which have been in the same position for over thirty years, and they are still flowering well.

Short Story

Reduced

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE Carburys' two little girls, Penny and Claudia, went upstairs again with their governess, Miss Rice, as soon as lunch was over: their steps could be heard retreating along the pitch-pine gallery round the hall. The visitors were disappointed—Mrs. Laurie liked children and Frank Peele had been hoping to see more of the governess. Rain drummed on the hall skylight; still smoking their host Godwin Carbury's rather musty cigarettes, the grown-ups allowed themselves to be driven into the library. Here no chair invited you, the uninviting books must have been bought in lots and looked gummed in the shelves. It could have been a pretty September day; the plum-tree leaves in the tilting orchards round were bright yellow, but for days the Forest of Dene had been clouded and sodden.

Mrs. Laurie, who was vivacious and had married at nineteen, and Mrs. Carbury, who was muddled and dim, had been friends years ago in India when they were both young girls. They had kept in touch, Mrs. Carbury having no other vivacious friend, life having taught Mrs. Laurie that there was no knowing when anybody devoted might not come in useful—besides, she had always been sorry for Mima.

Mima's life had been unrewarding. She returned flatly from India after her friend's wedding and it had not been till she was twenty-seven or eight that she met Godwin Carbury, who at forty was looking round for a wife. He had the reputation of being the most unpopular man in his part of the country, and that reputation followed him up to London. He was careful, savagely careful, about money and not careful enough about seeing this was not known. Added to this, he had a dour self-importance. It was understood that economy kept him single as long as his mother had lived to keep house at Pendlethwaite. Possibly Mima saw something in him that no one else saw; she was anxious to 'settle' suitably and not herself accustomed to being liked. At all events, they married, and had had after some years these two thin, remote little girls. They had few neighbours at Pendlethwaite and Godwin's peculiarities cut them off more and more from anybody there was. Whatever misgivings she had, Mima pandered to him blindly. On her own account she had just a little money, so once or twice a year she came up to London, gazed into shop windows, met Mrs. Laurie (now widowed) and bought reduced coats and shoes for the little girls. She had begun lately to talk of giving up London; the girls' education would be a heavy expense, she said.

It surprised Mrs. Laurie to find herself at Pendlethwaite, but she had been at a loose end, with nowhere to go for a week. So she thought 'Try the Carburys', and had written to Mima. She was a shiftless woman, maintaining herself by the exercise of a good deal of charm: she could say daring things without sounding impertinent, and determined to get a little fun out of Godwin—apart from this, she did not expect very much.

Pendlethwaite was not a lovable house. Built about 1880 of displeasing maroon brick, it creaked inside with pitch-pine: its churchlike windows peered narrowly at the smiling landscape round; its grounds darkened a valley with belts of laurel and stiff, damp-looking clumps of unindigenous firs. The house looked dedicated to a perpetual January: sunnier seasons beat back from its walls. The bloomy red plums and mellow apples bending the boughs this month were pagan company for it. Indoors, there was no electricity, panels absorbed the lamp-light; before October, no fires were lit till night. It had not even the insidious charm of decay, for Godwin had great ideas of 'keeping things up': the laurels were kept clipped, the thrifty meals served formally. . . . Mrs. Laurie had been diverted to find that she had a fellow guest, but this did not see her far. Frank Peele, just back on leave from Siam, was Mima's second cousin. He must have asked himself here because he had to be somewhere; she thought he was not a man you would scramble to entertain. At about thirty, he was a haggard schoolboy—shambling, facetious, huffy, forlorn, melancholic, with perhaps

(she feared most of all) a romantic soul. She supposed Mima must enjoy being even sorrier for him than she need be for herself. . . . Entertaining on this scale must be a plunge for the Carburys. Mrs. Laurie could almost hear Godwin saying to Mima: 'Well then, in for a penny, in for a pound'. He went through with his duties as host with glum correctness. 'But if one stayed a day too long he'd cut off supplies'. As it was, his rigid economies hit you everywhere.

The one startling un-economy was the governess. Mrs. Laurie, though unhappily childless, knew an expensive governess when she saw one. Miss Rice's technique was perfect. Her first appearance, at lunch, took Nella's breath away with its serene unobtrusiveness. Penny and Claudia—their dark eyes set close in, tucking their long fair hair back behind their shoulders primly—clearly revolved round her. 'Those two little mice adore her', thought Mrs. Laurie, recalling the composed retreat after lunch: three people going back to a world of their own. But the adoration was kept within nice bounds. 'How does Mima keep the woman in this mausoleum? She might be anywhere. Mima can't be such a fool as I thought. . . . I must find out'.

In the library, she lost no time doing this. In the bow window, Frank Peele with his hands in his pockets stood looking out unexpectedly at the rain; Mima poured out thin coffee; Godwin glumly handed the cups round. Mrs. Laurie said affably: 'So you got a governess? Last time we met, you were busy looking for one'.

'Yes, oh yes. We did', Mima said in her flustered way.

'Miss Rice came in May', said Godwin firmly.

'She seems a great success . . .'

Frank Peele grunted.

'When she first came in', went on Mrs. Laurie, 'I felt certain I'd seen her somewhere. I wonder where she was before? She's startlingly good-looking, but in such a tactful way. Hag-ridden—but that's the life, I suppose'.

'She appears content with us', said Godwin, handing the sugar to Mrs. Laurie bitterly. 'Mima, what are your plans for this afternoon?' His wife looked blank.

'Our guests should be entertained'.

'It struck me', said Frank, wheeling round, 'as one of the few faces I had not seen before'.

'Really?' said Godwin.

Mima touched the coffee-tray clumsily; everything on it skidded. Did she not want cousin Frank to fall for the governess? The nicest women like having unattached men around. 'She must be full of brains', said Mrs. Laurie vaguely.

'She teaches wonderfully; she's got the children on so. They seem to be learning everything'.

'Can we have them all down after tea to play Up Jenkin or something?'

'They do preparation then', said Godwin repressively. ('Set', thought his guest, 'on getting his money's worth'.) Mima's eyes, oddly overwrought in her pink creased face, stole to meet her husband's. 'Frank', Godwin continued, 'I could show you those maps now'. Clearly, any discussion of Miss Rice was closed.

'Not today, thanks', said Frank, 'I've got a crick in my neck'. Godwin, after one more forbidding look at Mima, left them, shutting the door reprovingly. Frank loafed along the book-shelves, pulled out *Monasteries of the Levant*, and folded himself in a chair with an air of resigned discomfort. A man with a book is practically not present. Mrs. Laurie whipped out her *petit point*, and the two women, pulling their chairs together zestfully, settled down for a talk. Rain streamed down the windows, paper rustled inside the cold grate.

Mima saw so few friends that talk went to her head like wine. Evenly sing-song, the women's voices began rising and falling. After half an hour, Frank's book slipped on to his knee; his head rolled back, jaw dropping; he let out a sharp snore. 'Really . . .', exclaimed Mima, stopping the talk to

titter. 'A tropical habit', said Mrs. Laurie. This was better than Frank with a book, they were quite alone. She hopped back to her topic.

'Mima, what's Godwin got up his sleeve about Miss Rice?'

'Miss Rice?—nothing', Mima said, overacting.

'His one wicked extravagance?'

'No', faltered Mima. 'That's just the point—she's not'.

'A bargain? You amaze me. Can she be at all fishy?'

'My dear Nella—she's good with the children, isn't she?' Mima fixed her friend with such oddly imploring eyes that Mrs. Laurie, startled, put down her work. 'She's made princesses of them', she said extravagantly. 'How wise you have been, Mima!'

'You do really think so? Godwin and I wanted the best we could get, you see: he has such ideas for Penny and Claudia'.

'It does him credit', said Mrs. Laurie warmly.

'I suppose so—' blurted out Mima—then, looking wretched, put her hand to her cheek. 'I've never quite liked—I mean if she—I can't help wondering—'

'Why did Godwin snap me up when I said I thought I knew her face?'

'We'd hoped no one *would* think that', said Mima surprisingly. 'As a rule, you see, almost nobody comes here, and in every other way she seemed quite ideal: she is. In the ordinary way, we never could have afforded her. It *did* seem such an opportunity. You see, we could not offer a high salary'.

'That would narrow things down. . . .'

'It did. All the ones I had interviewed were so vulgar and pushing, besides seeming to know nothing at all. The agency woman said, "For *that*, what can you expect?" I was in despair'.

'Oh? So then —?'

'I came round more and more to Godwin's idea. As he said, it was practically a charity. It did seem unfair that the thing should count against her. When she had paid for her defence she hadn't a penny, and no other future, of course. And she *was* acquitted'.

'What on earth do you mean?'

Looking thoroughly frightened, Mima caught herself up. 'Oh dear', she said, 'and I swore never to speak of it. Nella, will you *swear* to let this go no further? It's such a relief to tell you: it's on my mind the whole time. You see, Godwin had followed all the evidence carefully. The witnesses gave her such magnificent testimonials, almost all her former employers were called. Even the Prosecution didn't make out she wasn't a good *governess*. And after all, she *was* cleared. (If only they'd found who'd done it . . .)'

'Begin at the beginning'.

'Well. . . . Do you ever read murder trials?'

'Hardly ever miss one'.

'Do you remember that Sir Max Rant dying suddenly?'

'Mima—she's not *Henrietta Post*?'

'Sssh—sssh', whispered Mima, glancing Frank's way cautiously. Then she nodded at Nella with frightened important eyes.

Mrs. Laurie stared, galvanised, at her hostess. Then: 'She's lucky to be alive', she said, 'it was touch and go'.

'He was a dreadful old man, apparently. At the very worst, they said nothing against her *morals*'.

'No wonder she's haunted-looking. That was an appalling ordeal. . . . But, after that, how on earth —?'

'Godwin got me to write to her three weeks after the trial, offering her a new life and twenty-five pounds a year. . . .'

'Godwin is on the spot! Well, they're your children, not mine—*Henrietta Post*!'

Immovably, without batting a closed eyelid, Frank said, 'Who is *Henrietta Post*?'

II

'Miss Rice's hands are cold again', said Penny.

Claudia went on painting a moment longer, then, balancing her brush on the glass jar of paint-water, which gave out a prussic smell and had a red sediment, looked intently across the table at Penny, who stood by Miss Rice's chair, chafing her right hand. Their governess, with her book propped on the table, her pale cheek on her left hand, read on, smiling

unnoticingly. Once she withdrew her hand from Penny's to turn over a page.

'Whatever will she do in winter?', said Claudia.

'There'll be fires then'.

'This fire never burns much'. They shared the same desperate thought: 'Suppose our darling should leave us?'

This afternoon, the black chill of the grate focussed your fancy as firelight might have done. The schoolroom had a faded sea-blue wallpaper cut into by pitch-pine presses and two doors: not a colour warmed it; the high windows looked into a rain-blurred hill. Miss Rice had put nothing of her own on the mantelpiece, along which marched a file of plasticene animals modelled by the little girls. About the room were products of other hobbies good governesses encourage children to have: on the windowsill a nursery-garden in pots. Pink-cheeked 'Bubbles' and 'Cherry Ripe' looked queerly down at the bleak room where these three people were living as best they could.

Miss Rice put away the book, and with it her happy, forgetful smile—the book had been *Emma*. 'Have you stopped painting?' she said.

She had given them for the subject a Greek Temple. Claudia's temple had a sunset behind it, Penny had filled in the columns with Mediterranean blue. Miss Rice came round and looked. 'A sunset like that would make reflections on white stone, Claudia. Penny, on such a fine day there would be shadows'. They saw. She always thought of something they had not thought of: they wrinkled up their foreheads in ecstatic despair. 'Penny, if you are stopping, wash that blue off your paint-brush'.

'Are paints poison?'

'Sometimes. Well, are you cold, too?'

They would admit nothing that could distress her.

'Then push the table back and get the skipping ropes out'.

The little girls were alike, though there were two years between them, as though they could not decide to part in any particular. There was not much difference in size, as though Penny had waited for Claudia. Their voices were pitched on the same persuasive note; when their vehement dark eyes met they seemed to consult. What they thought of being alive their parents would never know: their characters were like batteries storing something up. Before Miss Rice was here, the doctor's sister had come in every morning to give them lessons. They had known before how to read and write, so all they had learnt from the doctor's sister was what everyone else knew: just why their house was avoided, how bitterly father was laughed at and mother pitied because of him. They learnt that it was wretched to be themselves. They marked the contempt with which every morning she bicycled up their avenue, and how insolently she ate what there was at lunch. Her raspy finger-tips, the pearls screwed tight in her fleshy ears, her horse-sense, all seemed part of her power to mortify them. She was the world and they prayed she might die, but she married. After that they waited, in armour. Then came Miss Rice.

'If you want to keep warm you must hurry', said Miss Rice.

Claudia unwound the skipping-ropes and they took one each: they stood with their arms out, gripping the handles eagerly. 'One, two, three—go!' The ropes zip-zipped on the oilcloth. Penny stumbled at fifty-six, but Claudia kept in and skipped seventy-eight: her toes bounced and bounced, her hair flopped, her eyes started out of her head. At last the rope caught her toe. 'That's the record', said Miss Rice, 'but Penny may beat it next time'. Both breathless, they knelt on the hearthrug, life tingling up through them from their toes to their cheeks.

'If you skipped', said Claudia, 'you might skip a hundred'.

'The rope is too short', said Miss Rice.

'What else used you to do—dance?'

'Yes, once'.

They had never seen anyone dancing except in pictures of ballrooms: they preferred to imagine Miss Rice not on the crook of an arm but floating alone round a floor, with her ageless shining white face, unfrivolous as an angel. At this happy moment, near her and warm from skipping, they felt on the edge of the story she did not tell. . . . But *she* looked down at the skipping-ropes on the floor. 'Better put those away', she said. Except when she was reading she never stayed

quiet long: something they could feel creep up behind her chair would make her speaking eyes go suddenly cold and dark as the grate. Against this their love was powerless. This dreadful expectation seemed wrong in their darling—mother without her worries would not be anyone, father was there to stare and bite his moustache, but *she* seemed to them born to inherit light. . . . Feeling their enemy here now the children, helpless, got up to put the skipping-ropes back in the press.

'Someone's coming!' said Penny. They heard the baize door at the far end of their passage swing to behind somebody, then a man's step. A knuckle rapped the door once, unconfidently: Miss Rice and the children waited. 'Come in!' she said.

Frank Peele peered round the door. 'Oh?' he said. 'May I come in? Sorry. I was exploring. Looking for secret passages. Exercise before tea'. Miss Rice smiled composedly. 'So here you all are', he went on. He looked at the table. 'Painting?'

'Yes'.

'What a day!' he said to Miss Rice humbly. 'Very cheery up here, though. You believe in fresh air?' Then he saw that both windows were bolted: what he felt were the draughts. Miss Rice had moved to the table where she had been reading; Frank dropped into the wicker chair with a creak. The children shut their paint-boxes up. 'Must be getting on tea time', remarked Frank.

'Are you hungry, Cousin Frank?' said Claudia gently.

Frank looked relieved at hearing someone say something. 'I don't deserve tea; I slept like a log in the library. Your mother and Mrs. Laurie complain I snored'. He looked round the schoolroom wistfully, like a dog. 'They were talking nineteen to the dozen. When I dropped off they were well away about India, when I came to it was one Henrietta Post'.

Penny laughed. 'Who's Henrietta Post?' she said.

'Don't ask me', said Frank. '—Miss Rice, who's Henrietta Post?'

Miss Rice pondered while the clock ticked several seconds and a cart rattled off into silence behind the wet orchards. The children turned to see how she took Frank's joke. She looked twice at him with steady considering dark eyes. 'Surely you know?' she said at last.

'I don't know a soul', said Frank, 'I've been in Siam'.

'But you get the papers there, don't you?'

'She's a celebrity, is she?'

'She was accused of murder', said Miss Rice, as though giving a history lesson, 'tried last Spring, acquitted but never properly cleared. So she disappeared, hoping to be forgotten'.

'Good God', exclaimed Frank. 'Where would a woman go to, after a show like that?'

'She is fortunate to be anywhere'.

'—Stop: it's coming back!' Frank said, delighted to have a topic. 'Wasn't she that governess? The old swine whose house she was in had been making up to her, so when someone did him in they tried to fix it on her. I remember I thought at the time—'

Miss Rice's marked unresponse reminded Frank where he was. Chidden, he stopped awkwardly, with a glance at the children. They sat stone-still, clasped hands thrust down between their knees; you could not possibly tell what was going on in their heads, which were both turned intently away from their governess. Frank kicked himself. But for the life of him he couldn't stop blurting out: 'She was very good-looking, wasn't she?'

'You never saw any photographs?'

'Out where I am I only get *The Times*, you see. No pretty pictures in it'.

'I see'.

Frank went on violently: 'I know I thought at the time, what a shocking unfair thing to happen to any woman!' . . . Miss Rice with her cold smile looked thoughtfully into the grate as though there were a fire burning there: she said nothing more. Her charges' agonised tension became startling. Frank hummed and beat a nonplussed tattoo on his knee. They were waiting to see the last of him. Whatever brick one had dropped, they were all very odd up here. . . .

III

This wet autumn evening closed in so early that the children had to stop work and wait for the lamp to come; when Mrs. Carbury looked in they were all in the dark. 'Why, whatever are you doing?' she said nervously. 'Where's Miss Rice? Why doesn't she ring for the lamp?'

'It never comes any sooner'.

'Father wouldn't like you wasting your time like this. Where is Miss Rice?'

'In her room', Penny said, so indifferently that there seemed to be something foolish about the fuss. At this point a band of light appeared in the passage; the housemaid brought in the lamp and Mima saw her daughters facing each other like images across the table of lesson books, their unchildish eyes dark in the sudden lamplight. She sat down, acting calm while the housemaid was in the room; all the same, her manner made the girl so jumpy that she went away again without drawing down the blinds. Mrs. Carbury sat eyeing the other door: the children's bedroom opened off the schoolroom and Miss Rice's room was beyond, connecting with theirs. Her relief at *not* finding the governess was tremendous; all the same, she felt she was being defied.

'Does she always leave you to do preparation alone?'

'She's tired', said Claudia. 'Cousin Frank was up here'.

'Oh? . . . Well, tell her I want to speak to her. Then you can leave your lessons, just for this evening, and go downstairs; Mrs. Laurie says she will play games with you'.

The children looked at their books without stirring, and Mima for the first time felt mutiny in the air. . . . Mima had had to brace herself to come in; twice already since tea she had started up to the schoolroom, then turned back before the baize door to that wing. Ever since her revelation to Mrs. Laurie she had been in a fearful state: the way Mrs. Laurie took it brought her own most persistent throttling fears to the top. 'Henrietta Post. . . . Well, they're your children, not mine'. What Nella said was what anybody who knew would say. Mima had shrunk back from the schoolroom door, feeling: 'No, I really cannot face her'. Then she had been forced to think: 'But that is the woman my children are with the whole time. . . . Once she had got as far as Godwin's study to tell him he must agree to send Miss Rice away tomorrow, but the way he had looked up at her settled that. 'Nothing has changed since I agreed to engage her'. Mima knew too well that her husband found her a fool. 'I will give her notice first, then tell Godwin. It won't be so bad with Nella here in the house. Nella will back me up. *But when Godwin hears I've told Nella?* . . . He said before she came to stay: "Suppose your friend is inquisitive?" . . . What are they doing up there? What does she say to them? What goes on the whole time? My own children are strangers; they don't like being downstairs now. *What was it the prosecution said about influence?*' That thought had brought Mima past the schoolroom door.

Mima raised her voice. 'Run along now at once, children: Mrs. Laurie is waiting'.

'We would much rather not, mother'.

'Then you're very ungrateful. Besides, I have got something to say to Miss Rice—Penny and Claudia, don't look at each other like that! It's rude to look at each other when mother speaks!'

'Miss Rice is tired', repeated Claudia gently.

'If you give us the message', said Penny, 'we'll tell her'.

'No, I want to talk to Miss Rice', said Mima, her voice unnatural.

'Do you mother?' said Penny. 'You don't generally'.

The wicker chair Mima sat in creaked convulsively. 'When we're alone again you may learn to make mother happy. You may understand mother then and not be unkind to her. Tomorrow, Miss Rice will be going away, children'.

Penny and Claudia looked at the chair their mother now sat in, then up at Emma left on the edge of the mantelpiece. Claudia looked at their row of young plants in the windowsill, sharp in the lamplight against the rain-lashed dark outside. Penny at the wrinkled rug where that afternoon they had knelt at their darling's feet. Then their gentle vehement dark eyes, meeting, paused to consult again. They said in their quiet voices: 'Then we will go too'.

Books and Authors

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Japan and the Pacific. By Nathaniel Peffer

Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

THAT THE POTENTIAL DANGERS in the present situation in the Far East and Western Pacific are, in many respects, even greater than those in Europe is a contention that has been put forward by more than one competent observer in recent months. A book such as the one under review is therefore to be welcomed for the level-headed and fair-minded way in which its author examines the outstanding facts and analyses the situation as he sees it. Fundamentally, as he rightly observes, it is the international struggle for the Chinese market that is at the bottom of the trouble—not so much for the relatively small market provided by China's impoverished millions today but for the immensely greater market anticipated in years to come, when China has been more fully developed and the purchasing power of her 400,000,000 people increased. While, therefore, the author is ready enough to criticise and censure many of Japan's actions, he is by no means lacking in sympathy for the Japanese and he does not hesitate to expose the materialistic aims of the United States and others, aims which, as he clearly shows, are all too often wrapped around in a cloak of seeming altruism and pious self-righteousness. Particularly interesting and illuminating in this connection is his examination of the origin and true motives of the Open Door principle in China, and there is much justification for his observations regarding the 'self-denying ordinance' of the Powers in China at the time of the Washington Conference, whereby the Western Powers were in reality called upon to give up very much less than Japan.

In a book so full of thought-provoking material it is difficult, in the space of a short review, to do adequate justice to all that it contains. Two chapters in particular, however, deserve special mention. One deals with points of friction between Japan and Soviet Russia, the other with the main causes of Japanese-American antagonism. If criticism of these two chapters is called for, it is in Mr. Peffer's apparent conviction that wars between Japan and the Soviet, and between Japan and the United States, are virtually certain sooner or later. That the danger of an ultimate head-on collision exists in both cases is not to be denied, but it seems unnecessarily pessimistic to conclude that nothing short of a miracle can prevent a clash in either instance. Apart from this and a tendency to be rather too definite as to Japan's aims in the future, there is little to criticise, though it is perhaps unfortunate that in one or two places the author has fallen into the error of condensing his narration of important events to such an extent that the impression left is apt to be misleading. This is particularly so in regard to the Shanghai operations, while in the case of his account of the establishment of Manchuria as an independent State he has become badly mixed in his facts. 'Henry Pu Yi' was certainly not 'enthroned as dictator' in 1932, nor was he 'elevated to his throne' four days before the arrival of the Lytton Commission. With these exceptions, however, the book as a whole maintains a high standard of clear reasoning and indisputable facts throughout, and should prove a valuable corrective to much of the faulty writing and reasoning that has passed as authoritative during the past few years.

Half Mile Down. By William Beebe

Bodley Head. 18s.

Dr. Beebe knows just how far to go in descriptions of submarine exploration, just how much science to introduce, and the result is very pleasant reading. This profusely illustrated volume fully keeps up the tradition of his previous works, but it does something more, for the descent by Dr. Beebe and Mr. Otis Barton to over 3,000 feet below the ocean surface is a world's record involving engineering technique and some risk to human life: it is comparable with Professor Piccard's ascent into the stratosphere. In two most interesting chapters Dr. Beebe, after comparing himself with a rat-tailed maggot and a water spider, traces the history of diving. He describes the exploits of Alexander the Great, and how the astonishing devices of the 18th century lead up to the modern deep-sea diving-suit and the bathysphere. Then, after a chapter devoted to the marvels of shallow-water diving, comes the real drama, the invention and descent of the bathysphere. The scene is a patch of deep water off Nonsuch Island, one of the Bermudas. As the vivid descrip-

tions carry us downward, light grows dim, while weird shapes slip past the narrow quartz window. Below 1,500 feet every creature carries its own headlights, and from 2,000 feet downward there is absolute blackness broken only by sparks and blotches of luminosity from animal life.

The reader is transported by the thrill of discovery, and there are several narrow escapes from perdition, for the bathysphere might so easily join the dead men a mile or so below. These exploits have received great popularity in America, and on several occasions Dr. Beebe kept in touch with the outside world by means of the microphone.

The scientific reader may be a little disappointed to find the book almost wholly taken up with an essentially popular account of the investigations, but he will find some recompense in the Appendices. This is a first glimpse into the almost unknown abysmal regions of the ocean, and we must await results from several more seasons before the possibilities of the bathysphere in research are fully known. The first-hand accounts of phosphorescence and the movements of deep-sea creatures are fine pieces of natural history writing, but perhaps the most important biological result is that the great depths below 2,000 feet are seen to contain far more abundant life than has been suspected from the contents of nets and other deep-sea instruments.

White Man's Country. By Elspeth Huxley

Macmillan. 2 vols. 25s.

In writing the biography of the late Lord Delamere, leader of the Kenya settlers, Miss Huxley has at the same time tackled two larger jobs. She constitutes herself the historian of Kenya under British rule and the defender of the policy of white settlement. She thus enters the lists of controversy from the opposite end to such doughty knights as Dr. Norman Leys and Mr. McGregor Ross. Her sincerity of purpose, her desire to come at the truth and utter it, are plainly no less intense than theirs. The range of historical fact with which she deals largely overlaps that which they have covered. But her final picture differs totally from theirs while maintaining a point-for-point correspondence with it; almost as a photographic negative reverses all lights and shades that appear in the positive print. So impossible, it seems, is objectivity for the human mind. The pro-settlement party will see in Miss Huxley's work the final justification of their ideals and of the group-behaviour of the settlers. To the anti-settlement party it will seem a grand essay in whitewashing, a *tour de force* of the sophistry that makes the worse appear the better cause. Both camps, however, will have to agree that the work, unlike so much pro-settlement apologetics, is done with great intelligence, wide knowledge, and high literary skill. Delamere's life, as here recorded, makes absorbing reading, and his influence on the development of British Africa, whether for good or ill, is undoubtedly an important one.

Delamere suffered from a fundamental inability to see that development from the point of view of the Africans. Miss Huxley's book faithfully reflects it. From this angle, his life and the white settlement ideal which it embodied furnish a clear living illustration of historical materialism. All man's spiritual activities, the Marxists tell us, depend on his social relations; and these depend on his economic situation and ultimately on the material means of production he can control. Thus Delamere's thinking on the whole complex of problems which we sum up as the native question was conditioned throughout by the master-servant relation. Hence, too, the justice of a comment on his character once made by a neighbour in Kenya and here quoted by Miss Huxley: 'It's rather take all and give nothing with him'. As to the general question of white settlement, Miss Huxley seeks to convict of unnecessary fussiness the humanitarians who have opposed the policy. To complete their confusion she even quotes Livingstone as having favoured and fostered white settlement, as Delamere understood it. This implies a misconception that has before now been given the endorsement of other authorities, including General Smuts. Miss Huxley reminds us of a passage in Livingstone's *Missionary Travels* where it is stated that emigration would ultimately benefit the natives more than missionaries. She does not go on to explain what Livingstone meant by emigration, or that he explicitly rejected the possibility of a colony in Central Africa 'as the term colony is usually under-

stood'. He thought of the colonist as a kind of resident adviser and expert, initiating and supervising trade and farming methods for native guidance, and relating them to the opportunities afforded by available markets. In a word, what he favoured was precisely the West Coast policy which Delamere so heartily loathed. Livingstone never dreamed that European ways of life might be forcibly imposed on half the continent, or that various compact and highly organised white communities would establish themselves to exercise a powerful racial domination and demolish the fabric of native society more subtly but more thoroughly than the slave trade itself. It is safe to say that, if Livingstone could see the Kenya of today, he would find it a shocking deformity of his idea of 'colonisation'.

A Parson's Daughter. By Muriel Jardine Parsloe
Faber. 8s. 6d.

When Mrs. Parsloe was a child, she lived on Foulness Island, in Essex. Her uncle was a doctor and one of her earliest recorded memories is of bitter disappointment at not being allowed to see a patient's tonsils removed. Her brother, however, to comfort her, brought them up afterwards to the nursery on a plate. 'We gave them', the authoress concludes, 'to the cat. It hadn't had such a feed for weeks'. Mrs. Parsloe, in fact, takes nature naturally: there is absolutely nothing distasteful to her in the idea of a cat eating human organs. In her world, animals and humans are on a strictly equal footing. And sometimes the animals are masters of the situation; as when a jealous poodle named Trilby compels a bridegroom to spend his wedding night under the bed. At the age of eighteen, the authoress went to Ireland disguised as a boy, to impersonate her brother, who had been offered a job on a farm in Galway. Tim, the other herdsman, discovered her sex and there were the beginnings of a love-affair in the Shakespearean manner. But Mrs. Parsloe was having no nonsense, as readers of her book will discover for themselves.

And so this lively story continues, through scenes of horse-breaking and horseplay, with Mrs. Parsloe keeping her head and occasionally losing her seat. She never worried unduly about broken bones: her own or other people's. In a passage of engaging candour, she describes, without any silly excuses, how she loosened a girl's saddle girth-straps from motives of sexual jealousy. The girl was thrown and broke her ankle: 'a clean break', Mrs. Parsloe adds, in her pleasingly veterinary manner. The War plays little part in these memoirs. Mrs. Parsloe seems to have succeeded in keeping the continuity of her existence enviably intact. In Australia, in Canada, in England, horses are still horses, the weather is still the weather, and hard manual work neither harder nor less hard than in 1905. This book contains no attempt at fine writing, no 'message', no fussing of any kind; but Mrs. Parsloe's good-humour and courage in the face of everyday life are really moving and inspiring.

Those Nut-Cracking Elizabethans

By W. J. Lawrence. Argonaut Press. 10s. 6d.

If anybody wishes to learn how to carry vast erudition lightly, and to make others partake of it agreeably, as though it were the easiest kind of game, he should take lessons from Dr. Lawrence. The book is a collection of essays dealing with theatre matters which have puzzled scholars, and they read like a light article you may meet in the evening paper. The essay which gives the book its title deals with the detestable habit Elizabethan audiences had of cracking nuts while a play was going on: others deal with the strange history of the green carpet as used for tragedy (once it had displaced the rushes), with supers, with bearers for the dead (one knows the difficulty of getting rid of corpses in an Elizabethan play, when someone walks calmly into a human shambles and says 'Remove the bodies'), with stage furniture and how it was carted on and off the stage. Dr. Lawrence's knowledge does not stop short with the decay of Shakespearean drama, but brings us well into the nineteenth century, and even, sometimes, to the present day. These essays anyone can enjoy. Some are addressed more directly to those curious about some of the problems of scholarship, such as the one on the 'bad' quartos; but even this, so convincing to the layman, though certain stiff pedants may disagree, has the excitement of a detective story. There are only two chapters which will, possibly, appeal to the specialist only, namely the two last, on double titles and Massinger's punctuation, but even these are not dull reading. Dr. Lawrence has certainly got the trick of turning lessons into a holiday; and at any rate, who

would not want to read about Shakespeare's use of animals, of bells in the old theatres, or of the curious habit they used to have on the stage of reading out the words of a song before singing it—a habit which might usefully be reintroduced? The book is beautifully produced, the text reinforced by eight relevant illustrations, as well as enlivened with quotations, themselves a pleasure to read.

Security. By Major-General H. Rowan-Robinson
Methuen. 5s.

This book is yet another of the sermonising series which we have had of late from the pens of soldiers and sailors of senior rank, maturing in retirement; and, as with its predecessors, it also is facetiously written, with that slightly 'know-all' tendency so characteristic of such authors. It is astonishing with what airy grace these writers waft aside problems the difficulties of which, looked at from the right perspective, have confronted those in responsible authority since Empire began. 'Having laid down the sword', they say, 'we will now take up the pen', and proceed to do so, seemingly unaware of the vast leeway to be made up before their credentials are convincing to the post-War public. The truth is that it is very easy to present a counsel of perfection, but mighty difficult, thereby, to sway hearts and minds. Pulpit oratory is a case in point. *Security* teems with such advices and, certainly, the broad truths it attempts to enforce are not to be gainsaid unless by those who see in the militarisation of the country a great evil in itself. For that is what the book is advocating in the interests of peace. The author sees the necessity for an Air Force greatly strengthened at the Army's expense; for the abolition of the battleship, no longer serviceable as cover for the cruiser squadrons; for the relinquishment of the Mediterranean trade route in time of war; for the prompt creation of a Ministry of Defence in absorption of the three Service Departments; and for a form of industrial mobilisation, or conscription, which shall make war cheaper and offset profiteering by both capitalist and stay-at-home workman alike. All very sound indeed, no doubt, if only men could move mountains. Thereafter the book drifts further into Utopianism. The author wants all political parties to shake out their differences and show themselves to the world as a single united front. Here he goes too far. He forgets that there is still idealism in the background of party strife, and an effort towards social betterment which makes it forever impossible for the lion to lie down with the lamb. He shows the limited viewpoint of his class. All our eyes are not red with war. There is much space in the firmament and Mars need not be always swimming into the ken.

The Schoolboy. A Study of his Nutrition, Physical Development and Health. By G. E. Friend
Heffer. 7s. 6d.

An authoritative book on schoolboy diet has long been needed. Previous books and articles dealing with the subject have rarely done more than voice the writer's personal opinion and recommendations founded on observations of adults and the lower animals. Dr. Friend, as medical officer of Christ's Hospital, Hors-ham, is in a position to acquire the actual facts and for many years he has collected data with a careful regard for detail and the discrimination of a true scientist. He analyses the school records of past centuries as far back as 1552, but his own observations have been concentrated on the period 1917 to 1933. During this time over 3,000 boys have passed through his hands and the progress of most of them has been followed for a significant number of years. Every item of diet has been scrutinised. Methods of computing energy values, balance, wastage, quality variations and adjustment to age are given in a brief and practical manner. Comprehensive physical measurements term by term have made it possible for him to study the influence of many factors such as seasons, holidays, exercise and school work on the growth and development of the boys. A clinical survey furnishes an index of the boys' susceptibility to illness and disease. All these data have been tabulated and analysed by the author and the statistical department of the Medical Research Council and finally compressed into the limits of 128 pages. Explanatory paragraphs occupy about a third of the space and serve as an adequate guide to the graphs and tabulations. They emphasise the salient observations and deductions.

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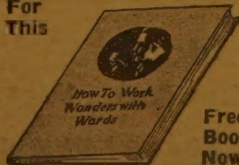
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that of the foodstuffs of today. The author's research shows clearly how these differences have been reflected in the health and physique of that rising generation. One or two conclusions are very notable indeed. During the years 1918 to 1922 inclusive, vegetable margarine was given instead of butter. These years were marked by a very striking increase in the number of broken bones. The liability to fracture was not lessened when the milk ration was increased and was not restored to its average level until butter was once more used. Throughout the entire period under review, the school loaf contained 75 per cent. of stone-ground wholemeal flour. In recent years the bread consumption has fallen considerably and at the same time there has been a reciprocal rise in the use of sugar, syrup and jam, the total energy value of these combined carbohydrate foods remaining unchanged. Over the same period of decline in the popularity of wholemeal flour with its content of vitamin B and the greater intake of the non-vitamin sugar class, septic infections, boils, poisoned abrasions and similar troubles have gained ground steadily. This has occurred in spite of an increased consumption of butter and milk with their vitamins A and D and of fruit and fresh vegetables with their minerals and vitamin C and in spite of the fact that there has not been any falling-off in general physical development. The correlations of vegetable margarine with brittle bones, and of excessive sweet-eating with septic infection are well borne out by the figures submitted. The broad changes which have taken place in the school's diet-sheet since the Great War have been an increase in the energy value and an increase in the proportions of milk, butter, fresh vegetables and fruit. The most striking physical change in the boys has been the gain in stature and weight. In the 15-year-old class the average weight is now 10 lbs more than it used to be, and the average height has increased by an inch. The book abounds in technical detail which will make it a standard work of reference for those researching on child nutrition for many years to come. It can be commended warmly to everyone responsible for the feeding of adolescents and to all medical officers of schools. The immediate interest of its letterpress is in no way impaired by its lists of data and it can be read with pleasure and advantage by every educated parent with children of preparatory or public school age.

The Floating Republic

By G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobrée

Bles. 10s. 6d.

The story of the Naval Mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797 has several times in the past been the subject of historical studies; but the claim to excellence of this new volume rests, firstly, upon its incorporation of new research, and, secondly, upon its sympathetic treatment of the sailors' troubles. Reading of the conditions of work, cruel discipline, low pay (frequently in arrears) and abominable food and quarters, which the Navy had to endure in the eighteenth century, we are not so much surprised that a mutiny occurred—on shore it would have been called a strike—as that it was so long delayed. A rise of pay (there had been none for 150 years), better food and treatment of the sick, provision of leave, and, lastly, removal of tyrannical and unpopular officers—these were the simple grievances put forward by the sailors to their Admiral, Lord Howe, and to the Admiralty. The stupidity and procrastination of the latter led to the ships arresting or ejecting their officers, refusing to sail, and electing a council of delegates to represent their affairs and direct the strike. At Spithead it was all over in under three weeks, with little bloodshed and no aftermath of recrimination or victimisation. This was because, when at last awake, the authorities acted quickly, gave way on the essential points, and passed a Bill through Parliament raising the sailor's pay and securing from the King a proclamation pardoning the mutineers. An important part in conciliating the seamen and reassuring them against suspicions of trickery was played by the veteran Lord Howe, who personally visited nearly every ship at Spithead explaining the concessions and recalling the men to their allegiance and discipline. The authorities then imagined that the trouble was over. But the fever of discontent had meantime spread from Spithead to the Nore, where a second and more serious mutiny broke out, as the first was drawing to a close. The Spithead strikers were well led and moderate in their demands; but those of the Nore tried to 'go one better' over their comrades, and presented the Admiralty with a new and longer, though no doubt justified, list of grievances. Being received with a 'dichard' refusal even to negotiate, they seized the ships in the Thames and

coerced an unwilling minority into compliance with the revolt. When the Admiralty stopped their supplies, the mutineers blockaded London by stopping all shipping up and down the mouth of the Thames. However, their position was strategically a weak one. They were demanding more than had been granted to their fellows at Spithead, and attempts to take forceful measures to secure them alienated popular sympathy. They held out till the end of May, reinforced by a fresh group of mutineers from Yarmouth, but in the end drifted back piecemeal under promise of pardon for the rank and file only. The Nore meeting was much more dramatic than the Spithead mutiny. Its leader, Richard Parker, was a neurotic type, half educated, a victim of misfortune, and an idealist. Instead of leading, he merely represented his unruly and changeable followers. The seamen were capable of sudden action, but fell an easy prey to distraction among themselves and suspicion of their own leaders. Though there was much talk of Jacobinism having infected the sailors, no real signs of this could be found. The men's patriotism and moderation were unquestionable throughout; immediately after the end of the Spithead mutiny, the fleet sailed out and covered itself with glory fighting the French. Nor was even the apparently futile Nore mutiny so fruitless as it seemed. Parker had been hanged at the yardarm; but sailors' grievances began to receive attention, and within a few years most of the demands he had formulated were granted. Indeed, the humanisation and improvement of life in the British Navy dates its commencement from the Mutinies of 1797. Mr. Manwaring and Mr. Dobrée quote a number of the most interesting letters and documents relating to the Mutinies; their sympathies are broad, their judgments fair and penetrating, and altogether their book is one which combines scholarly thoroughness with readability and charm.

Losing Religion to Find It. By Erica Lindsay

Dent. 6s.

Mrs. Lindsay, the wife of the Master of Balliol, has written a most attractive book, and one, moreover, of deep value. It is the quiet but profoundly-considered record of a finely sensitive and perceptive mind compelled, as the title implies, to progress outside the forms of her religion that she might rediscover its reality. Her account is in the main impersonal—an essay, not an autobiography—but it maintains throughout its validation as personal experience. Whether or not her truth be universal, it has been life-giving for herself. The proof of that lies not in her assertion, but in her book. It is, we have said, a quiet book, and it may prove, for those unused to semi-philosophic discussion, at times a little difficult; but those who will wait upon it—reading it as it deserves to be read, considering it sentence by sentence—cannot fail to find in it the virtue and inspiration that flow from complete integrity, wisdom that touches poetry, and an attitude to life which is itself living.

The basis of the book is the—in our opinion—successful attempt 'to conceive of a vital relatedness between freedom and law; between change and play in life and constancy of character, between infinite variety and central peace'. It is an ancient problem, and yet absolutely topical, for we have far to go, and many books will be written along the same lines as this, before we emerge from the dominating shadow of a mechanistic science declaring the vision of a wholly determined universe. Against that vision (the scientific inclination to which she analyses acutely) Mrs. Lindsay sets as a no less vital truth of experience the individual intuition of a personal freedom, not, however, to leave them in that simple opposition, but seeking to reconcile them in a view of spontaneity as perpetually operating within the limitations of universal law. Without law there is no freedom; without freedom there is no law—it is at the point of perfect union between the two that life itself is lived. Spontaneity is creative life. She goes, of course, far beyond the simple philosophical presentation of this conception, writing first of this creative quality in the simplest and humblest human lives as observed fact, telling then of her own progressive movement towards understanding, and again turning to the Christian Gospels to consider how they might illuminate or be illuminated. In a last section she writes of the sacramental life and moment, wherein, she would say, human knows divine, but which are, she equally asserts, the possession of no sect or faith, but the true experience of total harmony between known law and known freedom. All life, truly seen, is sacramental, holy. 'The whole universe is part of the divine creation; God is one'.

French Literature of Today

French and English Scholars

ERNEST DIMNET is celebrated in America, where I believe half-a-million copies of his various books have been sold; he is at least well known in England; in France, only an *élite* knows of him—although he plays in the intellectual and religious life of France a much greater part than is suspected. He is one of the most intelligent men now alive, and I would warn his 'high-brow' readers in England (I suppose I am 'high-brow' myself) not to judge him by his *Art of Thinking*, or rather to try and discover, behind an *Art of Thinking* written deliberately for American ladies, the wisdom of an experienced man and a Catholic priest.

His book on the Brontë sisters is still far and away the best book on a delicate and much cheapened subject; and those who possess his books on the modernist movement in England (which are now unobtainable, owing to a controversy with the *Index* authorities) are very lucky.

Here is now a wholly delightful and most informative new book by him: *My Old World* (Cape, 7s. 6d.). It is an autobiography bringing the story of his life to 1901, his thirty-fifth year: it begins in a French village, in a forest on the borders of Belgium, takes him to school at Cambrai, to a teaching position and the seminary and to the University of Lille. It sets him on the wider stage on which he was to become well known; and his experiences in Paris and in America are for a future volume.

One striking fact emerges at once: the resemblance in construction between this book and Renan's *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. The two men are as different, superficially, as can be. In deep reality, I would not care to say, as I have no wish to embroil Dimnet with the *Index* people again. The fundamental difference is, of course, that Dimnet remains in the Church—and may many like him do so; it will be all the better for the Church and the world at large. I suppose the fact is that Renan's line of life is typical of many hundreds or perhaps thousands of French intellectual lives. It begins in a small town—it might be called a village, except that it possesses such traditions of intellectual life and of civilisation that the word 'village' does not apply very well. It develops as the happy life of a growing child, full of curiosity and intense mental activity in a milieu which is at once favourable and yet just unfavourable enough to be stimulating. Then follow the school years and the mind finds its own strength. Then the higher university world and the growth of the mind to a commanding stature, when it judges others and no longer merely receives and reacts.

Dimnet's autobiography is not merely or even mainly introspective; as he says, his family were extraverts: more interested in the world than in themselves. Therefore, delightful as the tale of the growth of a mind and soul is found to be in this book, more delightful still and of greater import to English readers is the picture of real France between 1870 and 1900.

Dimnet's literary power is extraordinary. Hilaire Belloc, on the flaps, analyses it admirably and with great enthusiasm. It is French written in English. It seems to me—but I speak as a foreigner—that all who care for English prose, and who are preoccupied with the very important present-day problems of English prose, will have to study this way of writing very carefully. Hilaire Belloc's own powers of writing are so well known that his enthusiasm ought to be enquired into.

This leads me to another point: French scholars, it is well known, have done good things in English literary history and in English. Ernest Dimnet is a telling example on both counts. What of English scholars? It has long been a problem why England did not produce that kind of scholar, and where are the good English books on French literature.

The French, of course, organised the thing nationally. In Dimnet's book you will find full information about the Chinese-like system of education and examinations, which leads through the *agregation* to the *doctorat-ès-lettres*. (The book on the Brontës is a doctorate thesis, in fact, though the degree could not be conferred for legal reasons on a priest at that date.) Every year the French Administration decides that eight or ten or fifteen teachers of English are wanted in the big schools; a competitive examination is held, to which come all who feel up to it, from the whole of France. The best win, and are given positions. Thus a good man is always sure of his job; thus positions are filled with good men. This is the *agregation*, a thing which implies

three or four years of hard work above a first-class degree in an English University. After that only, as a rule, those who have enough energy left specialise further and prepare a thesis for the *doctorat-ès-lettres*—which takes at least five further years—or as many years as the specialist likes—but the man is sure of his bread and butter while he works. In this way a solid series of first-rate works of research in English literature has been produced.

What do the English do in the parallel field? In one word, nothing. They leave it more or less to the individual student, who may or may not meet an individual teacher to help him, and who may or may not find ways and means to earn a livelihood meanwhile. Mostly, he does not; and many good brains are wasted. Then many English people say that English brains are not as good as French brains—which is just nonsense. Then many English people say that this sort of scholarship is not necessary or even desirable: which is also just nonsense.

But who will ever convince the English to organise such things nationally? Each university is far too jealous of its independence, and in some cases far too proud of its own haphazard achievements; none seem to care for the fate of the victims of this lack of system. The fact is that in such work, a university is too small a unit. There are not enough good men in any one university to achieve a good result, as the teaching of the country at large is at stake. It is only a national scheme that can work. And I believe that, whether they want to or not, the English will be driven eventually to such a scheme. In many fields of research it is, in fact, adopted already.

Meanwhile, here and there, symptoms, and more than symptoms, prove that there is no lack of critical ability in the English brain, as some hold. Dr. H. J. Hunt, of Oxford, has just published a book on *Le Socialisme et le Romantisme en France, étude de la Presse socialiste de 1830 à 1848**, which is up to the best standard of the Paris *doctorat-ès-lettres*. Here is a wealth of research admirably presented, and throwing light on many dark things. The many new religions founded by the French Socialists between 1830 and 1850 will astonish most English readers; but the new element, brought out by Dr. Hunt, is the close relations between Hugo, Balzac, Lamartine and these extraordinary prophets. This was well-known in a general way, but many false ideas were current, and Dr. Hunt has set things right, and often in a most amusing way. Note his French also:

Ecartons d'abord les nombreux 'dieux inconnus' dont les systèmes fantastiques, conçus par des cerveaux fêlés, n'ont su provoquer chez leurs contemporains que de bruyants éclats de rire. Trois de ces pauvres maniaques—Coëssin, Chesneau et Ganneau—ont été les victimes d'Alphonse Karr et de Gérard de Nerval. Le dernier des trois fut le plus remarquable et le plus ridicule. C'est lui qui inventa la religion des évadamistes (Ève-Adam), et s'établit dieu en se donnant le titre de Mahpah (maman-papa), se faisant pour ainsi dire le parent pauvre du dieu androgyne d'Enfantin dont il fut la caricature vivante. Le Mahpah, assis sur un grabat pouilleux dans quelque bouge infect, enivré de l'encens qu'exhalait sa pipe culottée, bâcla des Évangiles qui devaient convertir le monde entier; avec cette perspicacité des aliénés qui s'élève parfois jusqu'au génie, il chercha parmi les littérateurs de son temps un homme digne d'être son subalterne, et offrit à Victor Hugo, qui la refusa, la fonction de 'sous-dieu' ou de 'saint-esprit'.

Dr. Hunt's book will be one of the first classics of English research on French literature; and let us hope that many more will follow.

Let us merely note on the other side two books of great interest. H. L. Hovelague has published a very wide study of *La Jeunesse de Robert Browning* (*Pauline, Paracelse, Sordello*) (Nizet et Bastard, Paris), which ought to send many people back to their Browning; Paul Hazard, of the Collège de France, has added to his many remarkable books three big volumes on *La Crise de la Conscience européenne* (1680-1715) (Boivin), which give a most lucid and elegant picture of Europe at one of its spiritual turning points. All who want to know how the good old orthodox systems of religion went to the dogs had better read this work. They will then cease to blame us, their poor harmless contemporaries, for the harm done by our forefathers two hundred years ago.

DENIS SAURAT